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The Mansion of Mystery

BY CHESTER K. STEELE

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CHAPTER III.

Margaret Langmore.

As Raymond Case had said, the ngmore mansion was a large one, ting in the midst of an extensive n, sprinkled here and there with ples and oaks and fine flowering shes. The hedge in front was well pt and the side fences were also in od repair. In the rear was a stable d also an automobile shed, for the e master of this estate had been nd of a dash in his runabout when e permitted. Down by the brook, k of the stable, was a tiny wharf, ere a boat was tied up, a craft ich Margaret Langmore had occaonally taken down to the river for a w.

The mansion now looked dark and nesome, although many folks pass on the highway and whispered to ch other that there was the spot ere the gruesome tragedy had been mmitted. "And to think that the n's own daughter did it," they uld generally add. "Beats oll how odthirsty some folks can get. He st have cut her short on money or mething and she was too high-rung to stand it."

"No, it ain't that," another would swer. "She's been flirting around th a certain young man, a Wall reet gambler, and her mother uldn't have it and told her so. hat's the real trouble, my way of inking."

Inside the house all was as quiet as tomb save for the ticking of the g clock in the lower hall. Below a ngle policeman was on guard, in mpany with a woman, who had en sent in to help. Upstairs another oman was stationed to see that Marret Langmore might not take it pon herself to leave for parts unown.

Margaret sat in her own room, in e wing on the second floor, a dainty partment, trimmed with blue and ntaining all her girlish treasures. n the walls were numerous photoraphs of her old schoolmates and e flag of the seminary she had atended. And on the mantel rested the icture of Raymond Case, the high olish of the surface marred in one pot where a tear had fallen upon it. The girl was tall and slender, wit wealth of light-brown hair and es of deepest blue. It was more an a pretty face, for it had a certain ndness that was touching.

For several minutes the girl had ot moved. Now, as the door opened nd the woman who was on guard pstairs came in, she gave a long gh.

"Can I do anything?" asked the oman, in a voice that was not unindly.

"Nothing, thank you, Mrs. Morse."

"Would you like a cup of tea, or a t of toast? Mrs. Jessup can make easy enough—she has nothing at ll to do."

"I do not care to touch a thing."

The answer came in a dreary monone. The girl's trials were beginning o tell upon her. At first she had led to bear up bravely, and the ords Raymond had spoken had omforted her, but now he was gone nd the whole world looked dark nce more.

"Has anybody called?" she asked t length.

"Nobody to see you."

"Nobody?" Margaret began to pace he floor. "When did the coroner ay the examination was to be conInued?" she went on.

"Tomorrow morning at eleven 'clock."

"And who is to be put on the and?"

At this question the woman in harge began to fidget. "Excuse me, iss, but I was ordered not to anwer questions. I'm sorry, and I ish you wouldn't worry so much. If can do anything else——"

"You can do nothing."

At that moment came the sounds of carriage wheels and a cab from the depot drew up to the door. Marret looked through the slats of a lind and saw that the arrivals were Raymond Case and a stranger, a man wearing a rather ordinary suit of clothing and a rough slouch hat.

"Thank Heaven, Raymond has brought somebody!" murmured the girl.

There was a short consultation at the front door and she heard the young man say: "He has a perfect right here and I demand admittance for us both." Then another murmur followed and the pair came upstairs. They knocked on the door of Margaret's room and were admitted, and Mrs. Morse was told that she might go.

"This gentleman has come to give Miss Langmore some advice," said Raymond Case. "If we want you we will call."

"But I have orders——"

"Miss Langmore will remain in this room, so you have nothing to fear. She has a legal right to receive advice."

"Oh, if the gentleman is a lawyer I have nothing to say," was the retort, and Mrs. Morse swept from the room.

The instant she was gone, the young man closed the door and then rushed up to Margaret Langmore and kissed her.

"I have succeeded!" he cried. "I told you I would. This is Mr. Adam Adams. Mr. Adams, this is Miss Margaret Langmore. Now, I guess we are going to show these country bumpkins a thing or two!" he added earnestly.

The detective advanced and shook hands. Margaret Langmore was a little disappointed in his appearance and her face clouded for an instant. Raymond was quick to notice it.

"You mustn't judge a man by his appearance. Mr. Adams makes himself look that way on purpose. He's the smarest, swiftest——"

"That will do," interrupted the detective with a brief smile.

"Will you help me." The girl eyed the detective squarely. "I—I need help so much."

"I must hear your story first."

"Oh, I thought Raymond would tell you everything."

"He has told me all he knows. But I want to hear the story from your own lips. Something may have slipped him, you know."

"I will tell you everything. Please sit down."

Margaret Langmore began her narrative. It was fully an hour before she finished. Occasionally the detective asked a question, but for the most part he sat back with his eyes closed, as if thinking of something else.

"Now, Miss Langmore," he exclaimed, as he straightened up at the conclusion of her recital, "whom do you suspect of this crime?"

"I suspect no one, sir."

"Have you any idea why this awful deed was committed?" The detective had been on the point of saying "murder" but had checked himself.

"Not the least in the world."

"Some of the windows were, of course, open. What of the doors?"

"The front door and that to the side piazza were locked. The back door was open."

"Then a person might have sneaked in by the back way?"

"I presume so."

"Your father was quite dead when you found him?" asked the detective quickly.

"I—I—thought so." The girl began to choke up and sob. "It—it was such a shock—I—I——" She could not go on.

Adam Adams watched her keenly and noted how she trembled from head to foot.

"Do not take is so hard, Margaret," put in Raymond Case, placing his hand upon her shoulder. "It will all come out right in the end—I am sure of it."

"But it will not bring back my father!" sobbed the girl. "And he was so dear to me! And to think that we should quarrel at all——"

"The quarrel took place at the breakfast table, so you said," came from Adam Adams. "And you rushed out to get away from what your stepmother was saying to you?"

"Yes. I could not bear it any longer."

"Your father took Mrs. Langmore's part?"

"He did, but at the same time he told her not to be so hard on me—that I had been without a mother to guide me so many years, and all that."

"Do you think they quarreled between themselves after you left, or after your father came back from the bank?"

"I cannot say as to that."

"Mr. Adams has an idea that possibly one or the other of them was responsible," put in Raymond. "He thinks one might have killed the other and then committed suicide."

"I do not think so. I said it was possible," corrected the detective. "In taking up an affair of this sort one must look at it from all sides."

"I do not believe my father either killed her or committed suicide," answered Margaret Langmore firmly.

"Do you think Mrs. Langmore would act in such a fashion?"

The girl pondered for a moment.

"Honestly I do not. She may have killed my father, but if so she would have run away."

"The safe was closed at the time of the tragedy."

"Yes."

"And absolutely nothing was stolen?"

"Nothing, so far as we have been able to ascertain."

"Was anything out of order, as if the assassin had been scared off while hunting around for something to steal?"

"I did not see anything. But I was so upset I noticed scarcely anything."

"That was natural, of course. The safe has not yet been opened?"

"No, we are waiting for a man to come from the safe makers."

"Now, one thing more. After you came back to the house before practicing, what did you do?"

"I wrote some letters to girl friends, telling them I could not give a house party."

"And before that?"

"I—I, must I tell? I threw myself on the bed yonder for a good cry. It was silly, I know—but—but——"

"Did you hear anything unusual while you were here? Think carefully."

"I have tried to think it out several times. Sometimes I think I heard some sort of a shriek, but I am not at all certain. Then, again, I think I heard the fall of something heavy on the floor. But it may be all fancy."

"And that is all you can tell me?"

"Yes." Margaret Langmore gave a long sigh. "Oh, Mr. Adams, can you not do something for me? It is horrible to be suspected in this fashion. I cannot make a move without being watched!"

"It is certainly a cruel situation." The detective paused. "I am sure of one thing, Mis Langmore."

"And that is——"

"That you are innocent. Those who think you are guilty are fools, as Mr. Case says."

"Yet more than half the folks around here think that way."

"Let them. We'll set to work to prove their mistake."

"Good!" almost shouted Raymond Case, and his face broke out into a look of relief. "Then you will take the case, Mr. Adams?"

"I will."

"I know you will succeed."

"If you do succeed, I shall be grateful to you all my life," came from Margaret Langmore warmly.

CHAPTER IV

Detective and Doctor.

As already intimated, Adam Adams, in his career as an investigator and detective, had solved many difficult criminal problems, yet this somewhat remarkable individual realized that the mystery before him was as difficult of solution as any he had yet encountered.

The most tantalizing thing about the whole affair was its simplicity. Two people had been murdered in their own home in broad daylight. No one had been seen around the place, and even the manner in which the foul deed had been committed was a secret.

A score of possibilities presented themselves to his mind when he left Margaret Langmore and Raymond Case to begin the task he had set before himself—to clear the fair name of the beautiful girl who had placed her faith in him and his ability.

"I'll take a look around the house first," he reasoned. "Then I'll find out a little more about these dead folks and their connections."

Thinking that he must be some noted lawyer from New York, Mrs. Morse was very gracious to him, and readily consented to show him around.

"Here is the spot where Mrs. Langmore's body was found," said the woman, leading the way to a bend in the upper hallway. "The servant girl tripped over it in her hurry, and went sprawling. She was about scared out of her wits."

"Naturally enough. Do you know how the body was lying?"

"At full length, they say, face downward, and with the fists clenched."

"Was that window open?"

"Yes, but not the blinds."

"Where does that door lead to?"

"Mrs. Langmore's dressing room. The door was open when they found her—as if she had come out and was trying to get downstairs."

"Humph!" The detective pushed the blinds of the window open and began to examine the carpet on the floor.

"We've looked around, but we couldn't see a thing," pursued the woman.

"We? Who?"

"The coroner and the police officers."

"Oh! You say the body was lying right there?"

"Yes—the head there, and the feet there. I suppose you are going to try to clear Miss Langmore, aren't you?" went on Mrs. Morse curiously.

"I am—if she is innocent."

"You'll have a task doing it. Everybody around here thinks her guilty."

To this Adam Adams did not reply. Ht was down on his hands and knees, close to where the head of the murdered woman had rested. He placed his nose to the carpet and drew in a long breath. His olfactory nerves were sensitive, and detected a certain pungent, stinging odor, of a sort not easily forgotten.

"You must be pretty short-sighted," was the woman's comment. The sight of the man on his hands and knees amused her.

"Well, I might have a better pair of eyes, I admit."

From his examination of the carpet, the detective turned to the window. Outside was the roof to the side plazza of the mansion. On the tin roof were some dried-up spots of mud. He looked them over carefuly, and came to the conclusion that they were foot-prints, but how old was a question.

"When did it rain last around here?" he asked.

"We haven't had a real storm for ten days or two weeks. We have had several showers, though."

He took a glance into Mrs. Langmore's dressing room. Everything was in perfect order, even to the powder-box and the colonge bottles on the dresser.

"That is all I wish to see up here," he said, and passed below, where he encountered the policeman in charge. Like the woman, this officer had taken him to be a lawyer, and he readily consented to let the detective inspect the library.

"Mr. Langmore was found in that chair," said he. "He looked as if he had suffered great pain before he died. I think he was strangled, although he didn't show the marks of it."

The library was a richly-furnished apartment. Along two walls were rows of costly volumes, many relating to modern inventions. On the walls hung some rare steel engravings, including one of Fulton and his first steamboat. There was a large library table, with a student's lamp, a mahogany roller-top desk, half a dozen comfortable chairs, and a small, but well-built safe, which, as said before, was closed and locked.

"The coroner locked and sealed the desk, and put all the loose papers in it," said the policeman.

There were two windows to the library, and one was close to the side porch, the roof of which the detective had examined from above. A person dropping from above could easily have entered the library by the window, thus saving himself the trouble of walking through the halls and down the stairs. Adam Adams looked outside, and saw on the ground a number of footprints, some running to a gravel path but a few feet away.

"Where are the bodies?" he asked, as he continued his examination of the room.

"At Camboin's morgue. The doctors have been looking for poison, but they can't find any."

The detective got down in front of the safe and examined it critically. Had it been opened after the murder and then closed again. That was an important question, but he was unable to answer it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS FOR MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Partial Eclipse of the Moon on the Morning of the 26th —The Sun Crosses the Celestial Equator on September 23, and Fall Will Officially Begin.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

Mercury is now a morning star. On September 7 it reaches its greatest distance west of the sun and may then be seen rising in the northeast, about one and one-half hours before sunrise.

Venus sets almost at the west point of the horizon, about 50 minutes after sunset on September 1, which time is increased to about 1 hour 12 minutes by the end of the month. It is steadily drawing eastward from out the sun's rays, but, unfortunately, it is also moving southward over the sky so that throughout the entire month it can only be detected for a short while after sunset as it shines out near the horizon in the sunset glow. When once found it is seen very easily, however, as it is three times brighter than the planet Jupiter.

Mars is rapidly approaching its greatest distance from the earth and is hence only as bright as a second magnitude star. It may still be detected shining out near the ground, almost due west, for about one hour after sunset. On the night of September 8 the more rapidly moving Venus passes to the east of Mars and the two planets may then be seen near together in the western sky, Venus being north of Mars and at a distance away from it a little less than the apparent distance across the face of the full moon.

This is the last month of the year when the interesting Jupiter may still be well studied. It is very low in the southwest, just above the bright star Antares; when the change of the seasons has again brought this planet into our evening sky we will see that it has moved into Sagittarius, nearly across the Milky Way.

At about 20 minutes past 9 o'clock on September 1 the observer may see the beautiful Pleiades just rising in the northeast, and an hour later the group of the Hyades will also emerge from the ground. The planet Saturn will at once attract attention in this part of the sky as it shines out half way between these two groups with more than twice the brightness of a first magnitude star. By the end of the month the planet will be well above the ground at 9 o'clock in the evening, and from this time on throughout the winter will be a most interesting feature of our evening sky.

As the planet Uranus is now well out of the Milky Way and in excellent position for observation in a small telescope, a map is added to help in its location. It is easily visible, even in a small pair of opera glasses, although it appears only as a small, greenish, sixth magnitude star. The reader may first find the triangle of small stars marked A in Figure 2, a little way to the right of which he will readily find the star marked B; the planet is five minutes to the right and one and one-half degrees below this star. In a good pair of opera glasses the two stars marked C will also be visible. These are considerably fainter than the planet and should not be mistaken for it.

Uranus is so very distinct from the sun that it receives but one four-hundredth part as much sunlight as we do. Day on Uranus is thus considerably brighter than our brightest moonlight night, but far fainter than the day with us. This world is believed to be vaporous, hot and rapidly turning, just as Jupiter and Saturn are. Its system of four moons, which move backward around their remarkably tilted orbits, are beyond the power of all but the largest telescopes.

On the morning of September 26 the full moon will pass a very little way into the earth's shadow and a part of its light will be cut off.

As the summer draws to its close we again witness the gradual but steady transformation of the face of the heavens into the autumn and early winter sky. The characteristic summer group of the Scorpion has half disappeared in the southwest; the great constellation of the Virgin has wholly gone, while the Balances, the Serpent and the brilliant, golden Arcturus have sunk nearly to the western horizon. Meanwhile the beautiful groups of Andromeda and Pegasus have already climbed half way to the zenith in the east, and again we welcome the royal star, Fomalhaut, which this month reappears to pursue its short course across the southern heavens after an absence of nearly a year.

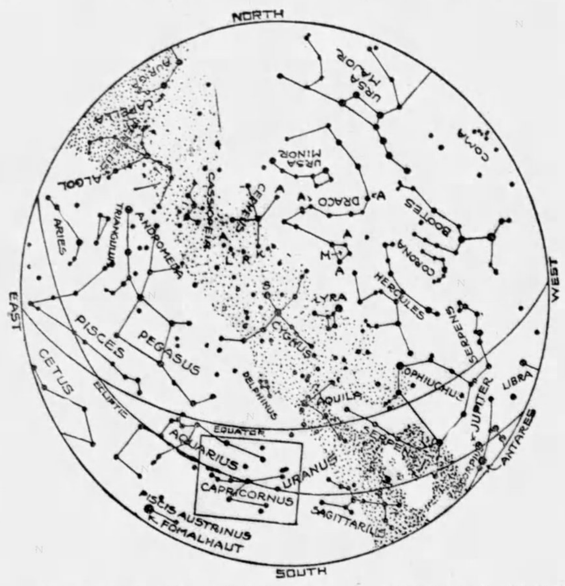

Figure 1.—The Constellations at 9 p. m., September 1. (If facing south, hold the map upright; if facing east, hold "east" below; if facing west, hold "west" below; if facing north, hold the map inverted.)

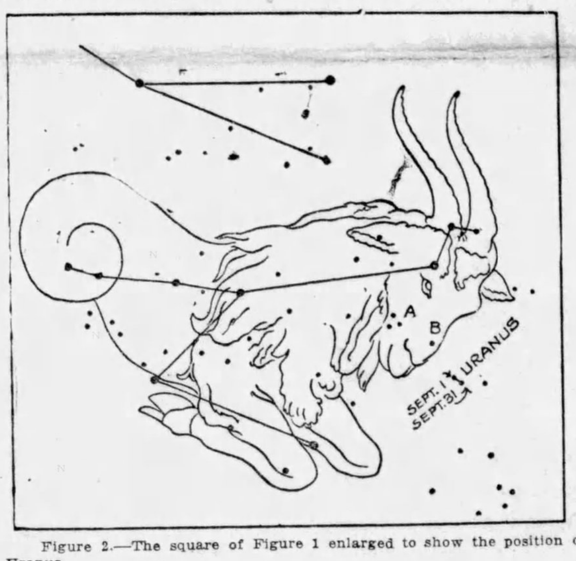

Figure 2.—The square of Figure 1 enlarged to show the position of Uranus.

The September Stars.

If the observer will face toward the north on any clear, moonless evening of September, he will readily find the Great Dipper, now lying in a nearly upright position, slightly above the ground, while above this he may with somewhat more difficulty trace out the inverted and far fainter Little Dipper. Between the two groups there lie the coils of the Dragon, which entire figure can now be easily traced out from the extreme tip of the tail below the North Star to the striking quadrangle of stars at M, Figure 1, which mark its head. All of its stars marked A in Figure 1 are easily seen double in a small telescope, and some of them are very beautiful objects. The highest star of all, at the upper end of the group marking the head, is a celebrated star, which 4,000 years ago was nearer the pole of the heavens than any other. Many early temples were dedicated to it, and it was worshiped in the Boeotian Thebes—the City of the Dragon. The remarkable modern discovery of the aberration of light was made from observation on this star.

On the opposite side of the pole from the Dragon there will be seen the brilliant yellow solar star, Capella, which now lies almost on the horizon. Above this stands Perseus, the rescuer of Andromeda, whose place is marked by an irregular group of bright stars, one of which is the wonderful demon star, Algol, five-sixths of whose light is periodically cut off by the passage of a darker star between Algol and us. This star may be seen to have reached its greatest faintness this month on September 15 at 1 hour 3 minutes, a. m.; on September 17 at 10 hours 20 minutes p. m. and on September 20 at 7 hours 9 minutes, p. m. (eastern standard time).

Above Perseus there is the well known Cassiopeia, between which and the Dragon there is the rather faint but most interesting group known as Cepheus. At this time of the year the observer will have but little difficulty in tracing out this constellation, which includes nearly all of the stars along the Milky Way lying between Cassiopeia and the Northern Cross. With a small telescope he will find that each of the stars marked A is an interesting double, while at the point B, nearly midway between the stars L and K, but a little above them, there is a remarkable red and variable star. This is sometimes of so deep a red as to be the reddest bright star of the northern heavens; at other times it is orange merely. Its color is best studied by comparing it with the nearby white star at K. Its brightness also varies irregularly, so that sometimes it emits more than twice as much light as at others.

It is interesting to note that were we on the planet Mars the North Pole of our heavens would lie nearly midway between the star K and the beautiful white star of the Northern Cross at S. The former of these will be our own Pole Star when 56 centuries have passed away.

The Planets.

The observer has doubtless noticed how rapidly the very brilliant planet Jupiter has been sinking in the west. In a very few weeks this beautiful world, which has for so long a time poured out its steady, golden radiance in the south, will have left us for another year, although it will not actually enter the morning sky until next December. But just as Jupiter leaves our evening sky the most interesting ringed planet Saturn will enter it, and meanwhile the brilliant Venus is steadily withdrawing from the sun's rays in the west, so that throughout the entire winter we will have these two most interesting objects with us.

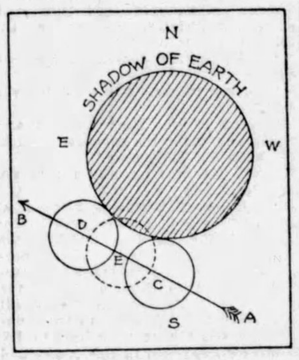

Figure 3.—The passage of the moon through the earth's shadow on the early morning of September 26.

When the South Begins to Think

EDITOR BLADE—The supreme crisis in the life of an individual or a people is when that individual or that people begins to think. The ignorance, the superstition, or the backwardness of any nation or section of country is a direct result of that nation's or that section's refusal to think intelligently.

Perhaps it does not occur to everyone that the south, with its unbounded resources and its varied talent of the highest grade, has not yet begun to think intelligently along the lines of national growth and prosperity.

To point out why the south has not begun to think politically as it should, and has not the broad spirit of national sympathy that it should have, would bring into the discussion those old questions which belong only to the dark days of the civil war and the period of reconstruction, but granting, if necessary, that the national government has maltreated the south, and looking the situation squarely and impartially in the face, we can see that the south itself is to blame for its failure to be recognized as it feels it should be, by the national congress.

In all the presidential elections since 1856, southern politicians have egotistically boasted of a "solid south." southern statesmen have fought, to the last ditch, acts of legislation of nation-wide importance only because those acts were put forward by men from the north, and in return for their "courtesy" they have received the opposition of the north when they introduce some measure which is to benefit the south alone.

There is no wider difference between the needs of the north and the south than there is between the needs of the north and the west. Yet western congressmen have, by supporting northern measures, gained the support of the powerful forces of the north, and as a result the west is equal to the north in national influence. We of the south still kneel at the shrine of tradition and hug to our bosom the fetich pride of a bygone age without pausing in our blind devotion to reflect whether it will bring us weal or woe; while the west has been wafted into national prominence and influence on the high tide of progressive movements, brought to successful issues by the friendly attitude and by the diplomacy of its leaders in congress. While the north and west have been alert and have fought for their respective interests, not with the pugnacious and antagonistic grit of the south, but with all the policy and diplomacy known to modern politics, the south has remained blindly loyal to everything from free silver to socialism only because it has been labeled Democratic.

But now that the Republican party, which the south has so consistently hated for the last half century is fast passing into history, and since the Democratic party seems no nearer success than it usually is, to everyone who has a passing interest in politics there comes the question: Will the south prove herself equal to the situation that now confronts her? Will she rise to the fullest appreciation of her opportunity to gain a national recognition by supporting the new party, which has come into existence as an inevitable result of the pregnant possibilities so long ignored and neglected by both great parties? Will she, for once in her history, lay aside the frazzled tradition and worn-out sentiment of the past and let sane far-sighted thinking take the place of her petty, narrow-minded prejudices? There are a few young men in the south—thinking men—who will join the new party out of sheer conviction; but the great horde of southern voters, who represent the last remnant of the slave-holding aristocracy of the south, will refuse to even consider such a proposition. The average southern voter will not even go to the trouble to find out what the new party stands for; but will croak Woodrow Wilson, Bryan or free trade till he makes an ass of himself, and all the time believing that he is a patriotic citizen.

If the south is ever to get her just desserts she must break away from the traditions, customs and precedents of the past, and she never has had, and doubtless will never have, a better opportunity to so so than she has now. If the sublime failure of the Democratic party for the past 50 years teaches anything at all, it ought to teach that the south cannot command party strength sufficient to do what she wants to do and what everyone knows she ought to do. If she fails to accomplish anything favorable by standing "solid," why not try some other method. Why will she not grasp eagerly at the opportunity to bring herself into national recognition through the medium of the new party? It is a matter that every southern man should seriously consider.

Let every southern voter think—think long and seriously; take his bearing before the guns of the three great candidates begin to belch forth their campaign thunder.

D. W. CRAWFORD.

Bakersville, N. C.

The Carpet from Bagdad

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

Her mother pondered. For once she was really at a loss. The unexpectedness of this phase caught her off her balance. She saw one thing vividly, regretfully—she had missed a valuable point in the game by not adjusting her play to the growth of the child, who had, with that phenomenal suddenness which still baffles the psychologists, stepped out of girlhood into womanhood, all in a day. What a fool she had been not to have left the child at Mentone!

"I am waiting," said Fortune. "There are more questions; but I want this one answered first."

"This is pure insolence!"

"Insolence of a kind, yes."

"And I refuse to answer. I have some authority still."

"Not so much, mother, as you had yesterday. You refuse to explain?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then I shall judge you without mercy." Fortune rose, her eyes blazing passionately. She caught her mother by the wrist, and she was the stronger of the two. "Can't you understand? I am no longer a child, I am a woman. I do not ask, I demand!" She drew the older woman toward her, eye to eye. "You palter, you always palter; palter and evade. You do not know what frankness and truth are. Is this continual evasion calculated to still my distrust? Yes, I distrust you, you, my mother. You have made the mistake of leaving me alone too much. I have always distrusted you, but I never knew why."

Mrs. Chedsoye tugged, but ineffectually. "Let me go!"

"Not till I have done. Out of the patchwork, squares have been formed. What of the men who used to come to the villa and play cards with Uncle George, the men who went away and never came back? What of your long disappearances of which I knew nothing except that one day you vanished and upon another you came back? Did you think that I was a fool, that I had no time to wonder over these things? You have never tried to make a friend of me; you have always done your best to antagonize me. Did you hate my father so much that, when his death put him out of range, you had to concentrate it upon me? My Father!" Fortune roughly flung aside the arm. "Who knows about him, who he was, what he was, what he looked like. As a child, I used to ask you, but never would you speak. All I know about him nurse told me. This much has always burned in my mind—you married him for wealth that he did not have. What do you mean by this simple young man across the corridor?"

Mrs. Chedsoye was pale, and the artistic touch of rouge upon her cheeks did not disguise the pallor. The true evidence lay in the whiteness of her nose. Never in her varied life had she felt more helpless, more impotent. To be wild with rage, and yet to be powerless! That alertness of mind, that mental buoyancy, which had always given her the power to return a volley in kind, had deserted her. Moreover, she was distinctly alarmed. This little fool, with a turn of her hand, might send tottering into ruins the skilful planning of months.

"Are you in love with him?" aiming to gain time to regather her scattered thoughts.

"Love?" bitterly. "I am in a fine mood to love any one. My question, my question," vehemently; "my question!"

"I refuse absolutely to answer you!" Anger was first to reorganize its forces; and Mrs. Chedsoye felt the heat of it run through her veins. But, oddly enough, it was anger directed less toward the child than toward her own palpable folly and oversight.

"Then I shall leave you. I will go out into the world and earn my own bread and butter. Ah," a little brokenly, "if you had but given me a little kindness, you do not know how loyal I should have been to you! But no; I am and always have been the child that wasn't wanted."

The despair in the gesture that followed these words stirred the mother's calloused heart, moved it strangely, mysteriously. "My child!" she said impulsively, holding out her hands.

"No." Fortune drew back. "It is too late."

"Have it so. But you speak of going out into the world to earn your bread and butter. What do you know about the world? What could you do? You have never done anything but read romantic novels and moon about in the flower-garden. Foolish chit! Harm Mr. Jones? Why? For what purpose? I have no more interest in him than if he were one of those mummies over in the museum. And I certainly meant to repay him. I should have done so if you hadn't taken the task upon your own shoulders. I am in a hurry. I am going out to Mena House to tea. I've let Celeste off for the day; so please unhook my waist and do not bother your head about Mr. Jones." She turned her back upon her daughter, quite confident that she had for the time suppressed the incipient rebellion. She heard Fortune crossing the room. "What are you doing?" petulantly.

"I am ringing for the hall maid." And Fortune resumed her chair, picked up her Baedeker, and became apparently absorbed over the map of Assuan.

Again wrath mounted to the mother's head. She could combat anger, tears, protestations; but this indifference, studied and unfilial, left her weaponless; and she was too wise to unbridle her tongue, much as she longed to do so. She was beaten. Not an agreeable sensation to one who counted only her victories.

"Fortune, later you will be sorry for this spirit," she said, when she felt the tremor of wrath no longer in her throat.

Fortune turned a page, and jotted down some notes with a pencil. Sad as she was at heart, tragic as she knew the result of this outbreak to be, she could hardly repress a smile at the thought of her mother's discomfiture.

And so the chasm widened, and went on widening till the end of time.

Mrs. Chedsoye was glad that the hall-maid knocked and came in just then. It at least saved her the ignominy of a retreat. She dressed, however, with the same deliberate care that she had always used. Nothing ever deranged her sense of proportion relative to her toilet, nothing ever made her forget its importance.

"Good-bye, dear," she said. "I shall be in at dinner." If the maid had any suspicion that there had been a quarrel, she should at least be impressed with the fact that she, Mrs. Chedsoye, was not to blame for it.

Fortune nibbled the end of her pencil.

The door closed behind her mother and the maid. She waited for a time. Then she sprang to the window and stood there. She saw her mother driven off. She was dressed in pearl-grey, with a Reynold's hat of gray velour and sweeping plumes; as handsome and distinguished a woman as could be found that day in all Cairo. The watcher threw her Baedeker, her notebook, and her pencil violently into a corner. It had come to her at last, this thing she had been striving for since noon. She did not care what the risks were; the storm was too high in her heart to listen to the voice of caution. She would do it; for she judged it the one thing, in justice to her own blood, she must accomplish. She straightway dressed for the street; and if she did not give the same care as her mother to the vital function, she produced an effect that merited comparison.

She loitered before the porter's bureau till she saw him busily engaged in answering questions of some women tourists. Then, with a slight but friendly nod, she stepped into the bureau and stopped before the key-rack. She hung up her key, but took it down again, as if she had changed her mind. At least, this was the porter's impression as he bowed to her in the midst of the verbal bombardment. Fortune went up-stairs. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, when she returned, hung up the key, and walked briskly toward the side-entrance at the very moment George, in his fruitless search of her, pushed through the revolving doors in front. And all the time she was wondering how it was that her knees did not give under. It was terrible. She balanced between laughter and tears, hysterically.

She had gone scarcely a hundred yards when she was accosted by a tall Arab whom she indistinctly recollected having seen before; where, she could not definitely imagine. It was the ragged green turban that cleared away her puzzlement. The Arab was the supposed beggar over whom Percival (how easily she had fallen into the habit of calling him that!) had stumbled. He stood so tal land straight that she knew he wasn't going to beg; so naturally she stopped. Without a word, without even a look that expressed anything, he slipped a note into her hand, bowed with Oriental gravity, and stepped aside for her to proceed. She read the note hastily as she continued her way. Horace? Why should he wish to meet her that evening, at the southeast corner of the Shari'a Mahomoud-El-Falaki a step or so from the British Consulate's? And she mustn't come in a carriage nor tell any one where she was going? Why all such childish mystery? He could see her far more conveniently in the lounging-room of the hotel. She tore the note into scraps and flung them upon the air. She

was afraid. She was almost certain why he wished to meet her where neither her mother's nor her uncle's eyes would be within range. Should she meet him? Deeper than this, dared she? Why had she come to Cairo, when at Mentone she had known peace, such peace as destiny was generous enough to dole out to her? And now, out of this tolerable peace, a thousand hands were reaching to rend her heart, to wring it. She decided quickly. Since she had come this far, to go on to the end would add but little to her burden. Better to know all too soon than too late.

That the note had not been directed to her and that she was totally unfamiliar with Ryanne's handwriting, escaped her. She had too many other things upon her mind to see all things clearly, especially such trifles. She finished her walk, returning by the way she had gone, gave the key to the lift-boy, and in her room down stairs dropped down up the bed, dry-eyed and weary. The most eventful day she had ever known.

And all the while George sat by the window and watched, and at length fell into a frame of mind that was irritable, irascible and self-condemnatory. And when he found that his precious Yhlordes was gone, his condition was the essence of all disagreeable emotions. It was beyond him how any one could have stolen it. He never failed to lock his door and leave the key with the porter. And surely, only a man with wings could have gained entrance by the window. Being a thorough business man among other accomplishments, he reported his loss at once to the management; and the management set about the matter with celerity. At half after seven every maid and servant in the hotel had been questioned and examined, without the least noticeable result. The rug was nowhere to be found. George felt the loss keenly. He was not so rich that he could afford to lose both the rug and the thousand pounds he had paid for it. His first thought had been of Ryanne; but it was proved that Ryanne had not been in the hotel since morning; at least, no one had seen him.

George gloomed about. A beastly day, all told; everything had gone wrong, and all because he had overslept. At dinner something was wrong with the soup; the fish was greasy; the roast was dry and stringy; the wine, full of pieces of cork. Out into the lounging room again; and then the porter hurried over to him with a note from Ryanne. It stated briefly that it was vitally important for Mr. Jones to meet him at 9 o'clock at the English Bar in the Quarter Rosetti. Any driver would show him the way. Mahomed-El-Gebel, the guardian of the Holy Yhlordes, had turned up, and the band was beginning to play. Would Mr. Jones like a little fun by the wayside?

"I'm his man," said George. "But how the devil did this Mahomed ever get into my room?"

Had Fortune dined down stairs instead of alone in her room, events might have turned out differently. Ryanne had really written to George, but not to Fortune.

Mahomed, fatalist that he was, had thrown everything upon the whirling scales of chance, and waited. Later, he may have congratulated himself upon his good luck. But it wasn't luck: it was the will of Allah that he, Mahomed, should contribute his slender share in working out the destinies of two young people.

George was in the proper mood for an adventure. He went so far as to admit to himself that he would have liked nothing better than a fisticuff. The one mistake he made in his calculations was dress. Men didn't generally go a-venturing in such finical attire. They wore bowlers and sack-coats and carried heavy walking-sticks. The only weapons George had were his two hands, now adorned with snug-fitting opera-gloves.

He saw Mrs. Chedsoye, spoke to her inquired about Fortune, and was informed that she had dined in her room. A case of doldrums, Mrs. Chedsoye believed.

"I'm in a peck of trouble," said George, craving a little sympathy.

"In what way?

"That rug I told you about is gone."

"What? Stolen?"

"Yes. Vanished into thin air."

"That's too bad. Of course, the police will eventually find it for you.

"I'm afraid that's exactly the trouble. I really daren't put the case in the hands of the police."

"Oh, I see." Mrs. Chedsoye looked profoundly sorry.

"And here I am, due for Port Said to-morrow."

"That's the kind that bowls you over," said the Major. "If there 's anything I can do after you are gone . . ."

"Oh, I shouldn't think of bothering you. Thanks, though."

"You must have lost your key," sugested Mrs. Chedsoye."

"No. It's been hanging up in the porter's bureau all day."

"Well, I hope you find the rug," said the Major, with a sly glance at his sister.

"Thanks. I must be off. The chap I bought it of says that the official guardian from Bagdad has arrived, and that there's likely to be some sport. I'm to meet him at a place called the English-Bar."

"The English-Bar?" The Major shook his head. "A low place, if I remember."

"And you are going dressed like that?" asked Mrs. Chedsoye.

"Haven't time to change." He excused himself and went in search of a carriage.

"The play begins, Kate," whispered the Major. This Hoddy of ours is a wonderful chap."

"Poor fellow!"

"What?"

"No; Percival. He'll be very uncomfortable in patent-leather pumps."

The Major laughed light-heartedly. "I suppose we might telegraph for reservation on the Ludwig."

"I shall pack at once. Fortune can find her way to Mentone from Naples. I am beginning to worry about that girl. She has a temper; and she is beginning to have some ideas."

"Marry her, marry her! How much longer must I preach that sermon? She's growing handsomer every day, too. Watch your laurels, Kate."

Mrs. Chedsoye inspected her rings.

Meanwhile, George directed his driver to go post-haste to the English-Bar. That he found it more or less or a dive in nowise alarmed him. He had been in places of more frightful aspect. As Ryanne had written him to make inquiries of the barmaid relative to find him, he did so. She jerked her head toward the door at the rear George went boldly to it, opened it, and stepped inside.

And vanished from the haunts of men.

CHAPTER XII

The Caravan in the Desert.

Yet George vanished from the haunts of men, as completely as if the Great Roc had dropped him into the Valley of Diamonds and left him there; and as nobody knows just where the Valley of Diamonds is, George was very well lost. Still, there was, at the end of a most unique experience, a recompense far beyond its value. But, of course, George, being without the gift of clairvoyance, saw nothing save the immediate and imminent circumstances; a door that banged behind him, portentously; a sack, a cloak, a burnouse or whatever it was, flung about his head, and smelling evilly.

George hit out valiantly, and a merry scuffle ensued. The room was small; at least, George thought it was, for in the space of one minute he thumped against the four sides of it. He could see nothing and he couldn't breathe very well; but in spite of these inconveniences he put up three rounds that would have made some stir among the middleweights. In the phraseology of the fancy, he had a good punch. All the disappointments of the day seemed to become so many pounds of steam in his shoulder; and he was aware of a kind of barbaric joy whenever he hit some one. All the circumspection of years, all of the gentle blood of his peaceful forebears, gave way to the strain which still lurks in the blood of civilized humanity, even in the veins of poets and parsons. He fought with all the tactics of a sailor in a bar room, not over-nicely.

A table toppled over with a smashing noise. George and his assailants fell in a heap beside it. Thwack! Bang! George struggled to his feet and tugged at the stifling envelope. Some one jumped upon his back, Old Man of the Sea style. A savage elbow-jab disposed of this incubus. And then the racket began all over again. George never paused mentally to wonder what all this rumpus was about; time enough to make inquiries after the scrimmage. Intrepidly, as Hereward the Wake, as Bussy d'Ambois, as Porthos in the cave of Loch-Marie, George fought. He wasn't a trained athlete; he handn't any science; he was simply ordinarily tough and active and clean-lived; and the injustice of an unprovoked assault added to physical prowess a full measure of nervous energy. It was quasi-Homeric: a modern young gentleman in evening dress holding off for several minutes five sleek, sinewy, unhampered Arabs. But the days of the gods were no more; and no quick-witted goddess cast a veil across the eyes of the Arabs. No; George had to shift for himself. Suddenly there came a general rush from the center of the room into one of the right-angular corners. The subsequent snarl of legs and arms was not unlike that seen upon the foot-ball field. George was the man with the ball. And then to George came merciful darkness. The conjunction, as in astronomy, of two planets in the same degree of the Zodiac—meaning George's head and the stucco-wall—gave the Arabs complete mastery of the field of battle.

From the opposite side of the room come the voice of the referee: "Curses of Allah upon these white dogs! How they fight!" And Mahomed peered down into the corner.

One by one the Arabs got up, each examining his honorable wounds. George alone remained unmoved, quiet and disinterested, under the folds of the tattered burnouse.

"Is he dead?" demanded Mahomed.

"No, my father. His head hit the wall."

"Hasten, then. Bind his feet and hands and cover his eyes and mouth. We have but little time."

There was a long way yet to go, and Mohomed was too wise and cautious to congratulate himself at this early stage. George was thereupon trussed up like a Christmas fowl ready for the oven. They wrapped him up in the burnouse and carried him out to the closed carriage in waiting. No one in the street seemed curious. No one in the English-Bar deemed it necessary to be. Whatever happened in this resort had long been written in the book of fate. Had a white man approached to inquire what was going on, Mahomed would have gravely whispered that it was a case of plague they were hurrying away to prevent interference by the English authorities.

Once George was snug inside the carriage, it was driven off at a run toward the tombs of the caliphs. As the roads were not the levelest, the vehicle went most of the way upon two wheels. Mahomed sat beside his victim, watchful and attentive. His intention was to take him no farther than the outskirts of the city, force him to send back to the hotel a duly credited messenger for the rug, after which he would turn George adrift, with the reasonable assurance that the young man would find some one to guide him back to the hotel. After a while he observed that George had recovered and was grimly fighting the imprisoned ropes.

"You will need your strength," interposed Mahomed gently. "If I take the cloth from your mouth, will you promise not to cry out?" There was an affirmative nod, and Mahomed untied the bandage. "Listen. I mean you no harm. If you will send to the hotel for the Holy Yhlordes, you will be liberated the moment it is put into my hands."

"Go to the deuce!" snapped George, still dizzy. The fighting mood hadn't evaporated, by any means. "You know where it is better than I." So this was Mahomed?

"Fool!" cried the other, shaking George roughly.

"Easy there! I had the rug, but it was stolen this afternoon." He was very weak and tired. "And if I had it, I shouldn't give it to you," with renewed truculence; "and you may put that in your water-pipe and smoke it."

Mahomed, no longer pacific, struck George violently upon the mouth. He, on his part, was unknightly enough to attempt to sink his teeth in the brutal hand. Queer fancies flit through a man's head in times like this; for the ineffectuality of his bite reminded him of Hallowe'ens and the tubs with the bobbing apples. One thing was certain: he would kill this pagan the very first opportunity. Rather a startling metamorphosis in the character of a man whose life had been passed in the peacefulest environments. And to kill him without the least compunction, too. To strike a man who couldn't help himself!

"Hey there! he yelled. "Help for a white man!" After such treatment he considered it anything but dishonorable to break his parole. And where was Ryanne? "Help!"

Mahomed swung his arm round George's neck, and the third cry began with a gurgle and ended with a sigh. Deftly the Arab rebandaged the prisoner's mouth. So be it. He had had his chance for freedom; now he should drink to the bottom of the bitter cup, along with the others. He had had no real enmity against George; he was simply one of the pawns in the game he was playing. But now he saw there was danger in liberating him. The other! Mohamed caressed his wiry beard. To subject him to the unmost mental agony; to break him physically, too; to pay him back pound for pence; to bruise, to hurt, to rack him, that was all Mahomed desired.

George made no further effort to free himself, nor apparently to bestir himself about the future. Somewhere in the fight, presumably as he fell against the table, he had received a crushing blow in the small ribs; and when Mahomed threw him back, he fainted for the second time in his life. He reclined limply in the corner of the carriage, the bosom of his shirt bulging open; for the thrifty Arabs had purloined the pearl studs, the gold collar buttons, and the sapphire cuff links. And consciousness returned only when they lifted him out and dropped him inconsiderately into the think dust of the road. He stirred again at his bonds, but presently lay still. The pain in his side hurt keenly, and he wasn't sure that the rib was whole. What time had passed since his entrance to the English bar was beyond his reckoning, but he knew that it was yet in the dark of night, as no light whatever penetrated the cloth over his eyes. That he was somewhere outside the city he was assured by the tang of the winter wind. He heard low voices — Arabic; and while he possessed a smattering of the tongue, his head ached too sharply for him to sense a word. Later, a camel coughed. Camels? And where were they taking him upon a camel? Bagdad? Impossible; they were too many white men following the known camel ways. He groaned a little, but the sound did not reach the ears of his captors. To ride a camel under ordinary conditions was a painful affair; but to straddle the ungainly brute, dressed as he was, in a swallow-tail and paper-thin pumps, did not promote any pleasurable thoughts. They would in all truth kill him before they got through. Hang the rug! And doubly hang the man who had sold it to him!

His whilom friend, conscience, came back and gibbered at him. Once she had said: "Don't do it!" and now she was saying quite humanly: "I told you so!" Hadn't she warned him? Hadn't she swung her red lantern under his very nose? Well, she hoped he was satisfied. His reply to this brief jeremiad was that if he ever got his hands upon the rug again, he would hang on till the crack of doom, and conscience herself could go hang. Mere perverseness, probably. And where was it, since he was now certain that Mahomed had it not? It was Ryanne; Ryanne, smooth and plausible of tongue. Not being satisfied with a thousand pounds, he had stolen it again to mulct some other simple, trustful person. George, usually so unsuspicious, was now quite willing to believe anything of anybody.

He felt himself being lifted to his feet. The rope round his ankles was thrown off. His feet stung under the renewed flow of blood. He waited for them to liberate his hands, but the galling rope was not disturbed. It was evident that the natives still entertained some respect for his fighting ability. Next, they boosted him, flung a leg here and a leg there; then came a lurch forward, a lurch backward, the recurrence of the pain in his side, and he knew that he was upon the back of a camel, desert-bound. There were stirrups, and as life began to spread vigor once more through his legs, he found the steel. The straps were too short, and in time the upper turn of the steel chafed his insteps. He eased himself by riding sidewise, the proper way to ride a camel, but with constant straining to keep his balance without the use of his hands. Fortunately they were not traveling very fast, otherwise, what with the stabbing pains in his side, produced by the unvarying dog-trot, he must have fallen. He was miserable, yet defiant; tears of anger and pain filled his eyes and burned down his cheeks in spite of the cloth.

And he, poor fool, had always been longing for an adventure, a taste of life outside the peaceful harbor wherein he had sailed his cat-boat! Well, here he was, in deep-sea water; and he read himself so truly that he knew the adventure he had longed for had been the cut-and-dried affairs of story-tellers, in which only the villains were seriously discommoded, and everything ended happily. A dashing hero he was, to be sure! Why hadn't he changed his clothes? Was there ever such an ass? Ryanne had told him that there was likely to be sport; and yet he had left the hotel as one dressed for the opera. Ass! And tomorrow the Ludwig would sail without him.

The wind blew cold against his chest, and the fact that he could neither see nor use his tongue to moisten his bruised lips, added to the discomforts. Back and forth he swayed and rocked. The pain in his side was gradually minimized by the torture bearing upon his ankles, his knees, across his shoulders. Finally, when in dull despair he was about to give up and slide off, indifferent whether the camels following trampled him or not, a halt was called. It steadied him. Some one reached up and untied the thong that strangled the life in his hands. Forward again. This was a trifle better. He could now ease himself with his hands. No one interfered with him when he tore off the bandages over his eyes and mouth. The camels were now urged to a swifter pace.

Egyptian night, well called, he thought. He could discern nothing but phantom-like gray silhouettes that bobbed up and down after the fashion of corks upon water. Before him and behind him; how many camels made up the caravan he could not tell. He could hear the faint slipslip as the beasts shuffled forward in the fine and heavy sand. They were well out into the desert, but what desert was as yet a mystery. He had forgotten to keep the points of the compass in his mind. And to pick out his bearings by any particular star was to him no more simple than translating Chinese.

To Be Continued.

There are 19 women lawyers in France.

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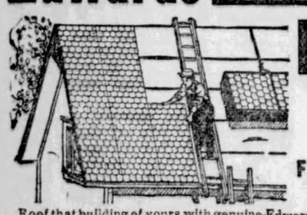

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The Farmstead

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

Is it a good plan to feed oats in the bundle to horses? I would like the advice of some reader on the subject.—A., Milan, Mich.

When a horse receives a strain or kick on the hind leg at the joint and a small jackbone forms there causing some lameness what is the best treatment to cure it?—D., Winterset, Ia.

I would like for some reader of the Farmstead to please tell me when and how to set out horse radish to get the best results, and what kind of soil is best adapted for raising it.—W., Chandler, Ind.

Will someone please tell me when it is the proper time to set out strawberries? Is fall a good season to start them in?

Another question I would like to ask is whether some reader will not give me a cure for my chickens? Our young ones have weak legs and are not able to walk, otherwise they are healthy. We killed several thinking that they would not get well.—C., Lower Salem, Ohio.

I would like to have someone who is experienced tell me how it would be to put oats and green peas in the bottom of a silo and corn on top. Would it be better to put the corn on top?—B., Otsello, Mich.

Will someone who reads these columns tell me all about the durability of concrete fence posts and whether it would be advisable to put them on a farm. What would be the cost of building a fence with this kind of posts?—A Reader.

It would be appreciated by me if some reader of the Farmstead would kindly tell me how to treat canvas for wagon covering in order to make it waterproof.—E. T., Triplett, W. Va.

To Dress Pruning Wounds.

Ohio station, at Wooster, circular 126, takes up this important topic. This is a matter which has been recently emphasized on account of the blister canker and the chestnut bark disease. Due to the nature of these pests, orchard sanitation is becoming necessary because of the danger of infection from such parasites.

The application of dressings to protect the wound from infection through the entrance of spores must sometimes be preceded by the sterilization of the wound, though in most cases the protection may be applied directly to the healthy base of the limb removed. The dressing should be sufficiently fluid to be applied under most weather conditions and should form an impervious, non-cracking layer, even though it be large, since such a dressing will prevent the later drying out and checking of the wound. White lead and paint dressings present a good surface at first, but later dry out and check badly. Preparations of Venetian red or chrome yellow together with linseed oil are said to offer a real menace when used on large surfaces. Asphaltum and pitch are the best materials for the purpose. In addition to their greater efficiency they have an additional advantage in their low cost as compared with linseed oil preparations.

Culling the Flock.

In sorting out the scrubs this summer and fall we should not make the mistake of letting the very best mother sheep go by selling out all the thin ones. As well sell the best cows from the herd by taking out the heaviest milk producers, for the heaviest milkers are almost invariably thin.

The writer has bought many a sheep for no reason on earth other than it was sleek and fat. To our sorrow these beauties usually remained sleek and fat, for the simple reason they seldom grew a lamb to make them thin and if they did have one they give so little milk the lamb was thin and we all know the poor kind of a sheep a thin lamb makes.

If a sheep is not so old it is thin, but keeps thin after the lambs have been taken off a month or so, it is well to put her into the feeding lot; but a good mother sheep with one or two big lambs on her is nearly always thin and stands no show in general appearance with a dry ewe, one that has most likely starved her lamb to death or never had one.

We have a grade Jersey now, that feed her as we will, who keeps so thin that we are ashamed to show her; but when it comes to showing her milk, cream and butter we are not ashamed. What we feed her she puts back into the milk pail, while the "easy keeping" beauty puts nearly all that is given her on her glossy back.

We all like the looks of a fat sheep, and all too many of us are quick to let the thin ones go. By all means find out what makes a sheep thin before parting with her because she is thin—M. F. Greely, Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

Field Feeding Corn.

The practice of field feeding or "hogging" corn is an economical method of handling this crop, according to H. E. Evans, of the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University. There is a saving in cutting, husking and hauling the corn, and an additional advantage in the fact that the manure is left on the ground.

For this method of feeding, shotes weighing from 100 to 140 pounds are best and those pastured through the summer are better than pen-reared pigs as they are more active. It has been found more practical to fence off a portion of the field so the pigs will clean the corn up in from two to three weeks. This may be done by running a section of low woven wire fence across the field and fastening it to the hills of corn on the side next to the pigs.

The corn should be ripe before the pigs are turned in as the mature corn will feed further and with less waste than green corn. The corn should be supplemented with some feed rich in protein, such as skim milk, middlings or tankage. Pumpkins and rape are helpful and economical in field feeding pigs since there is no cost for harvesting and these feeds supplement the corn and add variety to the ration. Field feeding is most successful when the weather is dry. It is not a good plan to keep pigs in fields after heavy rains for they waste corn and injure the land.

The Good Cow.

A good cow is young. She should not be more than 4 or 5 years old when you buy her. The next four years will be her best. You want her during that time. The good cow will have a good udder and fair-sized teats. You can't get milk without some place for storing it.

Then follow the milk vein up and see if it be large, entering the body through a good-sized aperture.

The cow dislikes changes. Do not turn her out today and keep her in tomorrow; don't feed her hay today and grass tomorrow. Give her as few changes as possible. She will expect something that you cannot give and she will stand and low.

If your cow is allowed to fill up when hungry on straw and corn stalks that have little or no feeding value for milk she cannot eat as much of the hay that has the properties for making milk as she should. As a result there will be an unnecessary shrinkage in the flow of milk.

We know little about the care of cows compared with what the people of Holland know. Nor do we get such results as they do. Holland is called the dairy cow's paradise. Their stalls are not filthy like ours, but neat and clean. It is hard for us to believe that part of the floors are covered with matting and the windows have lace curtains. If your cows are given dry feed they should have plenty of water, and it should be pure. Water goes to make a large per cent of the milk and is indispensable. Often the cow is given no succulent food. She should have summer silage or some kinds of roots to aid in digestion of her dry food when pastures are short.

Hints on Churning.

Butter from overripe cream contains a high percentage of acid and of solids, which is bound to have a bad effect on its keeping quality.

If in churning the temperature is too low the cream will have to be churned so long the butter will come soft. It will be deficient in color and flavor and will not keep well.

Solidity and entire freedom from buttermilk and water are conditions which must be observed in making first class butter which will not become rancid in a short time.

Fully one-half of the difficulties in making good butter lie in the care of the milk and not in the churning. From the time the milk is drawn from the cow until the cream is ready to be churned the strictest care is needed to keep it clean and free from exposure to odors.

One of the failures in washing butter comes from having the churn so full there is no chance to add the amount of water necessary. There should always be room enough in the churn after the butter has come to add at least two gallons of pure cold water or weak brine. It is on the principle that oils are lighter than water that the successful washing of butter is carried on.

If the conditions are normal, feed and water good, stables sweet, milk clean and temperature controlled, the ripening of the cream controls the flavor and too cold a ripening develops a bitter flavor. Too long ripening at a proper temperature injures the flavor. Too short ripening at the proper temperature fails to develop the butter.

the butter.

It has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated that too rapid churning results in not getting all of the butter out of the cream and what butter there is of a poorer quality than when the proper length of time is taken to churn. When churning proceeds too rapidly as a result of too high temperature only part of the fat is solidified into butter and the balance is incorporated with it in an oily state. Hence the reason why such butter is always soft and greasy.

The Farmer's Wife.

The country woman has her hardships—more of them than she ought to have, says the Progressive Farmer, of Raleigh, N. C. But it should not be forgotten that the normal and wholesome aspirations of a woman's heart are more atune with the ideals of the country today than with those of the fashion-mad cities. If the country woman works hard, it is for those she loves. Her heart makes music that strengthens her hands. No uncaring boss watches her all day, standing beside some counter or some factory machine while she wears her life out at tasks done only for the money that they bring. The clothes that she sews on are to be worn by her own rosy-cheeked boys and girls, not sold for so much silver to men and women who will not even know of her existence. Knowing that the food she cooks will nourish the bodies of those who love her, makes it an entirely different operation from that it would be if love for those it served did not lighten the drudgery. And if nightfall finds her weary, or if sickness or age rob her of strength, there is regard from those in whose service she has spent herself, instead of the indifference with which the business world treats all machines, human and mechanical, when their efficiency fails. Such compensations in the life of the farmer's wife are not to be lightly considered.

Nevertheless, while protesting as we do against the pathetic caricatures of the country woman, we do wish to urge as strongly as we know how, that the average farmer does not yet provide as many of the conveniences and as many labor-saving tools for his wife as he uses in his own farm work.

This is a reform we must now bring about. If the farm woman for her part measures up to the high ideals of industry and faithfulness set forth by King Lemuel, she is also entitled to the reward which the ancient sage ascribes to her:

"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. . . . Give her of the fruit of her hands."

Certainly the husband's praise must be hollow indeed, a mere mockery if he fails to find expression in furnishing the comforts that will lighten her tasks and her heart. "Give her of the fruits of her hands." She has earned jointly with her husband the property that the family owns; she is entitled to part of it to buy such helps as she needs.

That these conveniences are not already provided on a great number of farms is partly due, we believe, to the fact that these labor-saving appliances for the woman on the farm have not been so well advertised and exploited as the labor-saving implements and machinery used by the men on the farm. This is one reason why every state should have institutes for farm women as well as farmers' institutes — institutes in which not only do speakers, women and men, give instruction in the scientific principles and practical problems involved in housekeeping, cooking or sanitation, but where the most improved modern conveniences are exhibited and explained.

Meanwhile, however, the woman of the farms should themselves begin agitating for the improved appliances they need, and urge their importance upon the men of their households. In every case, of course, strength considered, there should be an equal distribution between husband and wife of the burdens that each ought to bear, and also an equal distribution of the comforts they are able to purchase. In short, the housekeeper's work, as well as the farmer's, can be made easier and more effective, and it is the duty of the farmer and his wife to work together in bringing about this and thus to relieve country life of much unnecessary hardship.

Cure of Cutworms.

Every grower of field and garden crops has suffered in some degree to the presence of cutworms and army worms. The destruction wrought every year by these insects amounts to a very large sum, and calls for the immediate adoption of methods of prevention. From the number of inquiries sent in on the part of farmers it would seem as if they were at a loss as to how to destroy this pest. The inquiry is mostly effected in spring, although occasionally plants are destroyed during the summer months. Their methods of destruction are to cut off the plants near the ground during the night and in the day time hide in the soil, which being similar in color, affords ample protection. In some cases injuries become so severe that a second sowing is necessary. This means an enormous expense to the farmer.

What are the methods of prevention? Firstly clean cultivation is of primary importance in the control of cutworms. The ground should be thoroughly cleaned and all weeds collected therefrom burned. Deep ploughing in the fall destroys many hibernating caterpillars and papae in the soil, and in infected ground should always be adopted. In the case of plants which are set out annually paper cylinders placed around the plants will foil all attempts of the cutworm at destruction. It cannot climb such bands and eventually it gives up the attack. Birds are also the friend of man in controlling the cutworms, and it is unfortunate that this fact is not more fully realized. It would be to the advantage of all sufferers from these pests to aid in the work of protecting our insectivorous birds. Perhaps the best preventative of all, however, is bran poisoning with Paris green, which should be applied whenever the presence of cutworms is detected. This and fresh bundles of clover similarly treated or with arsenate of lead mixture placed at short intervals over the ground will in a short time clear an infested field.

The Moulting Season.

The time has come when the old fowls begin to look rough and ragged loose feathers are found strewn about the houses and yards and things generally are not overly attractive, but the poultry-keeper must not let such a thing dampen his ardor. The hens will slow up on egg-production, but we must not begrudge them this much-needed rest. Everything is entitled to a short period of rest at some time of the year, and it is our duty to help them all we can at such a time.

Fowls that have a good range, with plenty of green stuff and the other delicacies that go with it, usually go through the moult without trouble. All fowls, whether yarded or otherwise, should be provided with good shelter for roosting, as drenching rains, when they have nothing but pin feathers to cover them, will often cause them to develop roup, canker, pip and kindred diseases from which untold trouble may result. As a rule, early moulting is desirable, that they may get through with it before cold weather comes on. They are then ready for the winter egg-campaign.

A slackening of egg-production indicates the approach of this period, and by feeding less of rich foods, such as grain and meat products, and more of green stuff, the moulting period may be hastened. A light diet of this kind for a few weeks will loosen the feathers in great shape. They may seem ravenously hungry, but it will not hurt them: it will do them good to get rid of a little surplus fat for the hot weather, and there will be less likelihood of disease.

Following a period of three or four weeks of this light grain and heavier vegetable diet, we may then begin to give something more nourishing. We will by that time begin to have cooler nights, and the process of feather-building should go on. A little epsom salts put into the drinking water two or three times a week will help toward off sore-head. Flowers of sulphur, at the rate of a teaspoonful to each eight or ten hens, given in some light mash on dry days, is advisable to say about twice a week. Give no other powders or stimulants. Finally see that all roosting-houses are kept clean and well ventilated, and do not crowd to many into one house.—Star Farmer.

THIRTEEN YEARS

Unlucky Number for Dakota Woman.

The question whether the number "13" is really more unlucky than any other number has never been entirely settled.

A So. Dak. woman, after thirteen years of misery from drinking coffee, found a way to break the "unlucky spell." Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the drug in coffee. She writes:

"For thirteen years I have been a nervous wreck from drinking coffee. My liver, stomach, heart—in fact, my whole system being actually poisoned by it.

"Last year I was confined to my bed for six months. Finally it dawned on me that coffee caused the trouble. Then I began using Postum instead of coffee, but with little faith, as my mind was in such a condition that I hardly knew what to do next.

"Extreme nervousness and failing eyesight caused me to lose all courage. In about two weeks after I quit coffee and began to use Postum I was able to read and my head felt clear. I am improving all the time and I will be a strong, well woman yet.

"I have fooled more than one person with a delicious cup of Postum. Mrs. S. wanted to know where I bought my fine coffee. I told her my grocer had it and when she found out it was Postum she has used it ever since, and her nerves are building up fine.

"My brain is strong, my nerves steady, my appetite good, and best of all, I enjoy such sound, pleasant sleep." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book in pkg., "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

It beats wheat

Raising rice in Arkansas beats growing wheat anywhere. Hundreds of former wheat growers are in Arkansas now making two to three times as much money from rice as they did from wheat! This fact should make any wheat or corn farmer look into this.

[Threshing Rice, Chas. Thompson's farm, Weiner, Ark.]

Raising rice in Arkansas

is as easy as growing wheat anywhere—and think of the difference in net profit! Wheat brings you—at best—20 bu. per acre, for which you get around $1. And you raise it on land worth $100 and up per acre. Rice yields from 50 to 100 bu. per acre, brings from 75c to $1 per bu. and is raised on land that can be bought *now* as low as $20 per acre. Here's a typical experience:

65 bu. per acre, Honduras rice from 50 acres, sold at $1.07 $3,477.50
75 bu. per acre, Japan rice from 50 acres, sold at 75c $2,812.50
Gross income $6,290.00
Cost $25 per acre to raise $2,500.00
Net profit $3,790.00

A proposition that brings $37.00 per acre net is certainly worth finding out about. Bear in mind that these farmers never grew rice *in their life* before—and were successful from the first; for rice in Arkansas is planted on cup-lands, raised and threshed just like wheat—the only difference being the use of water.

This year there are over 75,000 acres planted to rice, and a bumper crop is sure. You ought to be in Arkansas while this crop is harvested. Low fares via Cotton Belt Route make the trip cost little. But first get our

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—50 pages and pictures describing the experiences of wheat and corn farmers who found their fortune in Arkansas rice.
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Whence Lincoln's Wisdom?

Phillips Brooks.

Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to Lincoln for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you today whether the wise judgments that he gave came out from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

OHIO GAME LAWS

Please publish the game laws of Ohio.—R. E. C., Waverly, Ohio.

The open seasons for game in Ohio are as follows: Rabbit, November 15 to December 5; squirrel, September 15 to October 21; raccoon, November 1 to March 2; quail and ruffed grouse, November 15 to December 5; introduced pheasants, until November 15, 1913; dove and woodcock, September 1 to December 5; plover, snipe, shore birds, coot or mud hen, rail, duck, goose, swan, September 1 to January 1 and also March 1 to April 21. Sundays and Mondays are closed days for ducks and other waterfowl.

ALABAMA CLIMATE

I would like to have you print an account of the climate and soil of the state of Alabama.—C. O., East Jordan, Mich.

The climate of Alabama ranges from the temperate to the semi-tropical Parts of its northeastern sections are noted for sanatoriums, the Piedmont region is entirely salubrious, and near the gulf the sea winds temper the heat. Along the river bottoms it is malarious. There is not much snow or sharp coldness in the north while the heat in the south is not extreme, the mean temperature for winter being 42.9 degrees and for summer 83.9 degrees. Most of the rainfall occurs in the early part of spring. As to soil the state is divided into four distinct belts, the cereal, mineral, cotton and timber, in order from north to south The first belt is chiefly in the Tennessee valley, with a red chalky soil excellent for grain, and a sheltered situation making fruit culture profitable. The mountainous districts have much waste land, but the low foothills are unsurpassed for grazing grounds. The valleys between the spurs are highly fertile. The mineral lands have generally a sandy soil with a clay subsoil. The Piedmont region is a rolling prairie of great fertility, the metamorphic rocks having crumbled into variegated loams with clay subsoil, while around it is a forested girdle of similar loam with gravel or sedimentary rock beneath. The cotton belt is a slender strip of black loams, sometimes many feet deep, of enormous productiveness, extending across the center of the state. The southern coast lands are sandy, much of it occupied by vast stretches of yellow pine and other woods, affording not only lumber, tar, turpentine, resins, etc., but also much wax and honey, the pine barrens being broken by alluvial bottoms in which rice is grown.

ISLE OF MAN GOVERNMENT

Please tell what you can about the government of the Isle of Man.—E. C., Sharon, Pa.

The Isle of Man in the Irish channel is the largest island in the English seas. The principal towns are Douglas, Castletown, Ramsey and Peel. Castletown is the ancient capital, but Douglas is the chief town and seat of the government, which is home rule under a lieutenant-governor. The latter, with council and house of keys of 24 members, makes up the Tynwald court. Acts, after assent of crown, must be proclaimed on Tynwald hill. The land of the island is in a high state of cultivation. Railways exist between the various towns. The Manx people are a distinct Celtic nationality, but their language and old customs are rapidly disappearing.

OKLAHOMA CLIMATE

Please give a description of climate and soil of the state of Oklahoma.—A. B. R., Welchton, La.

The average temperature for July in Oklahoma is 81.2 degrees, and for January, 39.9 degrees. The cold season is short. The rainfall averages 31.7 inches, being distributed throughout the whole year. It is greater in the eastern part. The rivers tend to increase the moisture so that the climate on the whole is suitable for agriculture.

A large part of Oklahoma is covered with a soil suited for agricultural purposes, at the present time not requiring any fertilizers. The soil of the river valleys is very fertile; it is mixed with a rich, black alluvium, while the soil of the uplands is red clay. Agriculture and stock raising are the occupations of the people. Hay, corn, wheat, oats, cotton, vegetables, fruit, tobacco are some of the principal products of the state.

GEORGIA CLIMATE

Please tell about the climate and soil of Georgia in the columns of your paper.—J. H. K., Forest, O.

The climate of southern Georgia is between 65 and 70 degrees of mean annual temperature. Snow seldom falls in this part of the state, and when it does it rarely reaches a depth of more than two inches. In the central part of the state the fall is a little more frequent and of greater depth, while in the mountain region its frequency and depth are greatly increased. The annual average rainfall is 49.3 inches. The slopes of the mountains and hills are well suited for the grazing of stock, and the land in the valleys is well adapted to the raising of vegetables and grain.

THE ROOSEVELT DAM

I would like to have you give a description of the Roosevelt dam in the columns of the Bureau.—C. R. B., Laporte, Ind.

The Roosevelt dam in Arizona is built on a curve with a radius of 400 feet. It is 235 feet at the botom and 1,080 feet at the top. Two spillways are included, one at either end, each 200 feet in length and which carry off the excess of flood waters. The dam backs up the water of the Tonto creek and Salt river for a distance of 30 miles up the canyon and is located just at the junction of the two streams. The total height of the dam from foundation to top is 230 feet, lying 30 feet below the river surface. Its width is 165 feet at the base and 15 at the top. Along the entire length of the dam and spillways is a roadway. The dam is constructed of huge blocks of stone, set in cement, the stone having been blasted from the walls of the canyon above the dam. It contains 40,000 yards of masonry and is the second highest dam in the world, exceeded in this respect only by the famous Shoshone dam in Wyoming. The capacity of the reservoir is 1,300,000 acre feet and the water will supply 240,000 acres of land. This is the first water that has reached this land, and words fail to describe what it is doing for that country.

ADMISSION OF STATES

Please give the years in which the various states of the Union were admitted and also the names of the 13 original states.—A. H., North Manchester, Ind.

The original 13 states are Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina and Rhode Island.

There were 35 states admitted to the union after the government was formed. They are as follows: Kentucky, 1792; Tennessee, 1796; Vermont, 1791 Ohio, 1803; Louisiana, 1812; Indiana, 1816; Mississippi, 1817; Illinois, 1818; Alabama, 1819; Maine, 1820; Missouri, 1821; Arkansas, 1836; Michigan, 1837; Florida, 1845; Texas, 1845; Iowa, 1846; Wisconsin, 1848; California, 1850; Minnesota, 1858; Oregon, 1859; Kansas, 1861; West Virginia, 1863; Nevada, 1864; Nebraska, 1867; Colorado, 1876; North Dakota, 1889; South Dakota, 1889; Montana, 1889; Washington, 1890; Idaho, 1890; Wyoming, 1890; Utah, 1896; Oklahoma, 1907; Arizona, 1911; and New Mexico, 1911.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

Is there any provision in the United States constitution to protect a citizen of this country in the exercise of his right to vote for President, a privilege with which he is temporarily deprived because of a state law requiring that he be a resident of the state a certain length of time before election day?—T. M. H., Fairhope, Ala.

The United States constitution provides that "That right of a citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." This does not mean, however, that all citizens possess the right to vote, but simply that they cannot be deprived of the right through any of the above named conditions. It is left to the states entirely to make the qualifications necessary for voting within the boundaries of the separate states. Most states require a certain length of time that a voter must reside in the state before he is allowed to participate in the elections, and in so doing each state is merely acting within its legal rights.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEM

There being three candidates for President, Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt, suppose that none should get the majority of electoral votes, how would the decision be made as to whom was entitled to the office?—J. S., Walshville, Illinois.

If the electoral college failed in deciding upon a President on account of no one candidate having a majority of the votes cast, the decision would fall upon the house of representatives. The three Presidential candidates having the highest number of votes each of those running would have their names placed before the lower house of congress. But in the choice the votes must be taken by the states, the representation from each state having one vote. A quorum for the purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states while a majority of all the states shall be necessary for a choice. If the house fails in choosing the President before fourth day of March next following, the Vice President shall act as President. The choice of Vice President is up to the senate if no choice is obtained in the electoral college. The two candidates for Vice President having the highest number of votes are voted upon by the senate instead of the three highest. The quorum must consist of two-thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. B. C., Bedford, Ia.—George K. Cetone and Isaac Huffman, Ohio state senators, were both indicted for bribery, the former being tried and convicted, while the latter has had no trial as yet.

W. M., Houston, Tex.—For the information you want you had better consult with the manager of some bindery in your town.

L. G. R., Saint Cloud, Fla.—Write to some book publishing company for what you want. We cannot recommend any firm, as it is against the rules of this Bureau.

H. B. K., Palestine, W. Va.—The pigeon you found with the number on a band on its leg is a homing pigeon. You can discover its owner if you will write to Philadelphia, Pa., where there is a magazine for pigeon fanciers published. We do not know the name or address of the paper.

W. M., Parkersburg, W. Va.—You do not have to pay anything for a paper that is sent to you after your subscription has expired.

W. S., Starr, Ohio—You can get the book you mention at any book store; and if not write to the publishing company.

W. P. T., Frankfort, Ind.—Major Archibald Butt crossed the ocean on a vacation trip for his health.

L. S., Holland, Mich.—Robert Ingersoll did not change his views concerning religion before his death.

Gatun Lock Gates to Be Gray.

Canal Record.

The upper guard gates for Gatun locks, which are almost completed and will shortly be closed to keep the water of rising Gatun Lake from flooding the lower lock levels, are being coated with a final layer of heavy lead gray paint. The material for the gates was painted with a priming coat before it left the factory, at the time of erection it was covered with a coat of red lead, navy standard, and the third and outer coat is the preparation of a graphite company.

This paint was selected provisionally after tests, though it is believed that only through long experience will the composition of the most satisfactory covering be ascertained. The tests were carried on in a tank and in the culverts below the locks by painting plates with different kinds of paint, applying coats varying in number and thickness, and exposing in air and water.

The light color was selected in order to minimize the heating of the upper parts of the gates, the expansion from which might cause slight distortions which would interfere with the accurate adjustment of the leaves. This paint will be used on all of the lock gates with the exception of the sea-water gates, which will be covered with an anti-fouling paint to keep off barnacles.

One French scientist is endeavoring to bring about a sleeping reform which threatens to displace the pillow. He says if the pillow is to be used at all it should be placed under the feet. Nightmare and insomnia will be avoided in this manner, he claims.

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If you write us before October 1 we will mail you the Bargain Book free.

And we will send with it a Dollar Certificate. This will be good for $1 on any order for $20 or over. Or for 50 cents on a $10 order. It is good for one-third your first payment.

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This new Bargain Book pictures 4,528 things for the home, many in actual colors. It shows the largest exhibit ever brought together in

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You will be delighted with our credit plan when you find it out.

Write Us Today

To get this Dollar Gift you must send for our Big Bargain Book before October 1. If you want our new Fall Stove Book, too, simply ask for it—both are free.

Spiegel, May Stern Co.

1136 W. 35th Street, Chicago (248)

Persistence of a Jap.

Argonaut.

Wakao Ippel, the wealthiest man in the province of Yamanashi, Japan, did not learn to read until he was 60 years of age, nor had he up to that time begun to accumulate his present great fortune. At the age of 10 he started to make his own way in the world. At one time he was a ragpicker. His first real business venture was in the purchase of crystal balls, which sold at a good profit. As he grew in wealth he entered the silk field, in which most of his money was made. After reaching the age of 60 he engaged a tutor in Chinese classics, which study he pursued until his 90th year.

Lawyers Numerous in America.

Case and Comment.

The profession of the law has flourished only in free countries. While it has always been sharply criticized and lawyers have frequently been called parasites on society—or at the best necessary evils—in view of the part they have played in the struggle for constitutional freedom this popular view is not accurate.

If that view were true we ought to find those nations where there are few or no lawyers the most peaceful, orderly and prosperous. Just the opposite is true. In a magazine article in 1904 it was stated that China had no lawyers, that in Russia the proportion of lawyers to population was one to 31,000, in Germany one to 8,700, in France one to 4,100, in England one to 1,100, and in the United States one to 700.

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The Mansion of Mystery

By Chester K. Steele

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CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

More by instinct than anything else, he got down and peered under the safe. A crumpled-up bit of paper caught his eye, and he picked it up and slipped it into his pocket without the policeman being the wiser.

"Has anybody else been here?" he asked. "I mean any outsiders."

"A good many folks from the village."

"Anybody else?"

"Yes, a detective from Brooklyn. He thought there might be a job for him, but there wasn't, so he went away," and the policeman smiled grimly.

"What was his name?"

"I think he said it was Peterson."

"Is that the Bardon house yonder?" And Adam Adams pointed through the window and across the side lawn.

"Yes. Doctor Bardon was the first to come over—he and his mother."

"So I heard. I think I'll step over and speak to them a moment."

"So you are working for Miss Langmore?"

"Yes, in a way."

"You'll have an uphill job clearing her. The coroner thinks he has a clear case against her."

"Do you know what evidence he possesses?"

"Not exactly. He isn't telling all he knows," returned the officer of the law. "There is the doctor now."

A buggy was coming down the road. It turned in at the next house, and a young man, carrying a small case, leaped out and disappeared into the dwelling.

In a few minutes more, Adam Adams made his way next door. An elderly servant admitted him and ushered him into the doctor's office, where the young physician sat marking down some calls in his notebook.

"This is Doctor Bardon, I believe. I just came over from the Langmore house. I am working on this mystery, and I understand you were the physician who tried to bring Mr. and Mrs. Langmore to life after they were found."

"I worked over Mr. Langmore, yes," was the young physician's answer. "I saw at once that it was impossible to do anything for his wife. She had a weak heart naturally, and was stone dead some time before I got there."

"You thought you saw a spark of life in Mr. Langmore?"

"Not exactly a spark, but I thought there might be hope. But I was mistaken, although I did everything I could."

"I have been told that working over the corpse made you sick."

At these words, the face of the young physician showed his annoyance. He drew himself up.

"Excuse me, but you are———," and he paused inquiringly.

"I am working on this case in the interests of Miss Langmore. My name is Adams."

"Oh!"

"What I would like to know is, What made you sick? Was it merely that a crime had been committed—something you were not accustomed to?"

"No, it was not, Mr. Adams. I am young, I know, but I have had a good hospital experience, and such things do not unnerve me. To be sure, Mr. Langmore was a good neighbor, and I thought much of him. But it was not that."

"Then what was it?"

"It was something about the corpse. As I worked I had to sneeze—something seemed to get into my nose and throat, and in a minute more I began to have cramps and grew deathly sick. It was the queerest sensation I ever experienced in my life. I haven't gotten over it yet."

"You had to go out to get some fresh air?"

"I did. If I had not, I think I should have suffered much more."

"And you found no trace of any poison, or anything of that sort?"

"Not the slightest. Another doctor was called in, and then I went back. The peculiar odor, or whatever it was, was gone, and I could find no further trace of it."

"You think it must have evaporated?"

"What else is there to think? The windows and blinds had been thrown wide open, and the sun was shining into the room."

This was all the young doctor could tell, and as he was in a hurry to get away on more business, the detective did not detain him further. He ascertained that Mrs. Bardon was also away, and then left the house.

In his pocket he still carried the bit of paper which he had picked up from under the safe. It had evidently been part of the wrapper around some small object, and bore the following, printed in blue ink:

nder & Co.
ley Street
ter, N. Y.
ark.

The paper might be valuable, and it might be worthless. It had evidently been around a small box or bottle. The address was evidently that of some firm doing business in some town in New York State. What "ark" could stand for, he could not surmise.

As the detective left the Bardon house, he saw a middle-aged man entering the Langmore mansion. The man was well dressed and carried a dress-suit case.

"A visitor of some sort," he mused. "Perhaps a relative."

When he stepped up on the piazza Raymond Case came out to meet him. The young man wished to know if he had learned anything from the doctor.

"Not a great deal," answered Adam Adams. "Who was that man who just came in?"

"Thomas Ostrello, one of Mrs. Langmore's sons by her first husband."

"Is he a frequent visitor here?"

"I believe not. He is a commercial traveler, and on the road nearly all the time."

"Has he been here since the tragedy?"

"No. He was here the day before it occurred, but went away in the evening. I suppose his mother's death has shocked him a good deal."

"I believe you said the Ostrellos are not well off?"

"No; they are poor, so Margaret told me. Both of the sons are on the road, one for a paint house and this one for a drug house. By the way, I am going to town, to see the coroner. Do you want to come along?"

"No, I'll see him later. I want to take a walk around this place first. I may pick up a stray clue."

Left to himself, Adam Adams walked slowly around the mansion noting the several approaches. He looked in at the stable and the automobile shed, and strolled down to the brook. He made no onise for it was his practice to move about as silently as possible and without attracting attention

Suddenly he halted and stepped out of sight behind some bushes not far away from the brook. He heard a splashing, which told him that somebody was near.

To Be Continued.

The Musical Insects.

Country Life in America.

A carefully trained ear and mind are indispensable to enable one to detect and to discriminate readily from the general insect medley any particular species of musician.

As with birds and their songs, much of the charm and pleasure to be gotten from insect music depends on the emotionaal coloring associated with it. We are enraptured with the notes of the peewee in spring, or the earliest piping of the frogs, not because these sounds in themselves possess any intrinsic sweetness, but because they recall endearing memories of many happy, hopeful springtimes. They are always the harbingers of another verdant season. Their plaintive notes add to our minds an emotional warmth and sunshine. They awaken for us an inner, subjective springtime.

In a similar way the crickets and katydids gladden and inspire us with their music in proportion as their notes have become associated in our minds with the emotional coloring of past memories.

Names of London streets are often painted on the bricks of the houses and when the letters wear off a painter renews them—and frequently makes a mistake in spelling. A movement is now under way for uniform street nameplates.

The state barge from which the king and queen of England witnessed the Henley regatta this year is 223 years old, and its oaken timbers are so sound that the London Times sees no reason why it should not be seaworthy a century hence.

The Progressives

See the horses prancing,
Hear the footsteps fall;
See the lines advancing,
Hear the bugle call!

They are passing down the highway, they are filling up the street,
They are marching, onward marching, with a strong and steady beat;
They are come from out the distance, through the long defile of years,
They were seen in Man's first battles and are deaf to taunts and jeers;
They were known in ancient Egypt as "progressives" in the fight
When they freed themselves from bondage and defied a tyrant's might;
They are the brave Iconoclasts who marched through sword and fire,
Who dared to strike the pagan myths and smash the gods of Tyre;
They labored in Etrurian fields, they hewed and cut their way,
They passed through famines, plagues and floods and rallied day by day.
They swept through Greece and laughed at Rome, in Gaul and Britain fought;
They made a stand in every land and grandly have they wrought;
When school and state in ages dark were struck with terror dumb,
They flung Hope's banners to the breeze and onward they have come;
They crossed the seas and carved a home beneath the western skies,
For bosses' threats they have no fears but march where duty lies;
They come from every land and clime, they're facing toward the light—
They're leading in the world's advance—the foremost in the fight;
They stand at Armageddon and they battle for the Lord,
His glory is their armor and His righteousness their sword.

See their horses dancing,
Hear their footsteps fall;
See their lines advancing,
Hear their bugles call!

Harbor Springs, Mich. JOHN C. WRIGHT.

Facts About Meerschaum.

The Argonant.

Meerchaum mines in Nemlau have been worked for two thousand years it is claimed, and the process is simple. The mines, which at one time reached from Kahe to Mihalitch, on the sea, of Marmora, are concentrated around the city of Eski-Shehr, and give employment to some five thousand miners. The mines are worked in the most primitive manner by a foreman and two to five workmen with picks. The depths of the pits vary greatly and depend upon the depths at which a reddish-brown earth is met, which is the first indication of the existence of magnesite. Sometimes this red earth is found only a few yards beneath the surface, but ordinarily at a depth of 20 yards, often 40, and even 60. In this layer of red earth meerchaum is found, disseminated in nuggets of irregular shape. The size of these rarely exceeds 12 to 16 cubic inches, the greater part are the size of a walnut. No explosives are used, the ground being soft. Almost the entire output is exported to Vienna and thence distributed to the various European countries and to the United States, the latter buying only the finest selections.

Waste Is Expensive.

The use of waste for wiping machinery has become such a serious source of expense that efforts are being made in more than one establishment to cut down this item, with the result that in one large machine establishment of this country Turkish towels are now made use of as a substitute, and the change has shown a very considerable economy. Fresh towels are supplied at regular intervals, and the soiled ones are collected and cared for until a sufficient number has accumulated to make it worth while to put them through a washing process, by which the oil is recovered and made use of a second time. This recovered oil is available for lubricating railroad switches, but its field of usefulness is more or less limited. All efforts to find a substitute for wool waste in the capacity of packing for the journal box of a railroad car have been unsuccessful.

Distilled Water Has Danger.

Harper's Weekly.

Continued use of distilled water reduces the strength of the physical organism because, while distilled water is chemically pure and free from germs, it contains nothing but oxygen and hydrogen. The indispensable mineral salts are left behind during the process of distillation. As long as life presists in the body the elimination of mineral salts goes on and this means the rapid demineralization of the organism. Demineralization predisposes the system to tuberculosis. The numerous cases of tuberculosis among the young sailors of the French navy are attributed to the demineralization of the organism by continual use of distilled drinking water, the water used aboard ships of war, where every effort is made to protect the men from bad hygienic condition of the life below decks. The fact is regarded as of very serious interest. The surgeons of the French navy are studying the best means of treating the distilled water used aboard ship with mineral matter.

Various Lengths of Life.

It has just been computed that the day fly lives 24 hours, the May fly six weeks, the butterfly two months, as alas! also does the flea!; the fly three to four months; the ant; the cricket and the bee one year each; the hare, sheep, six to 10 years each; the nightingale, 12 years; the wolf, 12 to 15 years; the canary bird, 15 to 20 years; the dog, 15 to 25 years; cattle, 25 years; the horse, 25 to 30 years; the eagle, 30 years; the stag, 35 to 40 years; heron, lion and bear, 50 years each; the raven, 80 years; elephant, turtle, parrot, pike and carp, 100 years each.

Coin New Word.

Oil City Drrick.

A correspondent of Our Dumb Animals urges the adoption of the world "philozoic" to designate societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, because they are neither philanthropic nor charitable. "When men desired to express that within them which went out toward their human kind with emotions of kindness and affections," says the writer, "they put two Greek words together and we had 'philanthropy.' Then all organizations, societies, guilds, associations that sought to relieve the suffering of men and aid them in distress or better their conditions were called philanthropic. Why should we not take two Greek words, one 'to love,' and the other 'animal' and make the word 'philozoic,' just as 'to love' and 'man in Greek had been made into 'philanthrophic'?"

Norwegians Like Literature.

New York Times.

The Norwegian publisher of Amundsen's book on the south pole assured a German colleague Herr Lehmann, who paid him a visit, that of the 200 tramway conductors in Christiania at least 75 per cent would buy that work. He said this by way of illustrating the general interest of the Norwegian people of all classes in literature. Putting this with various other things he had observed, Herr Lehmann came to the conclusion that not Germany, but Scandinavia, is the paradise of the book trade. In Denmark he found that 28,000 persons had subscribed for a new history of their country which cost the large sum of 80 crowns. Now, Denmark has a population of only 2,800,000. In Germany, with its 66,000,000 inhabitants, this would mean 660,000 subscribers for a similar work. As a matter of fact, it is very rarely that a German book reaches a circulation of 100,000. For a fairy book costing 20 crowns the 164 booksellers of Norway succeeded in getting 14,800 buyers in one week.

The Corsican Brigand.

Corsica has got rid of the old fashioned brigand, and the "last of the Sicilian bandits"—perhaps a disputed title—was lately laid by the heels and is now facing the ordeal of his trial at Aquila. He is Giuseppe Salomone. He is a dandy, and has always paid particular attention to his clothes. He has an expensive taste in perfume and in gloves. He is a poet. His time in prison has been spent in writing a poetic drama of his life's experiences, and he has written a good deal of commendable verse. He is said to have made a fortune in brigandage.

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A Batting Eye

In baseball what is called "a good batting eye" is one that can locate the course of the ball as it leaves the pitcher's hand. The batter with a well trained eye is ready to meet the ball as it comes across the plate. Blade readers should keep their eyes on the advertising columns, and be ready to recognize an opportunity when it presents itself.

Salvation is free, but vice is high priced.

When the devil finds a man at work he goes on by.

It isn't always the indigo that makes washday look blue.

About all a groom can expect at a wedding is to be taken for granted.

Any woman ought to be satisfied to get an average man for a husband.

Women callers do most of their talking after they are ready to go home.

The voters will be satisfied if all the lying is done early in the campaign.

China now has what is called a third party, but it lacks a whirlwind leader.

Some women find fault with Adam, just as if they had lived next door to him.

Old Skinflint may have a longer funeral procession than Young Spendthrift.

Knowing that he will not be elected, Mr. Debs did not hesitate to accept his nomination.

Beware of the spikenosed man, says one woman writer. It is almost as startling as a mad dog cry.

Mr. Lorimer says he will not hobnob with Mr. Roosevelt. And he won't—if the Colonel sees him first.

Put two alarm clocks in your sleeping room and they will run a race to see which can wake you first.

Uncle Joe Cannon has joined the ranks of the old codgers who want another term to round out a career.

It is hard to sidestep the notion that Dr. Anna Shaw would look good in a senatorial chair at Washington.

Sometimes it is remarkable, if not startling, the number of queer ideas one can get out of the back of one's head.

Fault finding ruins the digestion, says a Chicago minister. Then Senator La Follette must be almost sick abed.

If there were trolley lines to heaven the trip would be made disagreeable by everybody trying to crowd into the first car.

Mr. Bryan is giving the country another exhibition of his versatility by the steadfast way in which he is sawing wood.

Many a man, regarded as a fool by his neighbors, has afterwards proved to the world that he is nothing more than a genius.

The good old days of the Stnadard Oil company, when it could make things smooth with a box of axle grease, are gone.

It has been established that the ancient Egyptians had the hookworm. And yet they were not too lazy to build the pyramids.

One member declares that the late session of congress was the most trying in his experience. It was certainly trying to the public.

Texas reports the biggest watermelon ever raised. But of course, in a state like Texas, a watermelon has all out doors to grow in.

Congressmen get home in time to attend the county fairs. Agricultural exhibits are very interesting to those who want another term.

If the women will organize and go to work with all their strength and influence, it is possible they may prevent the return of side whiskers.

"You can't tell whether a man is in love by the way he makes a fool of himself," says a modern philosopher. You can't, but the woman can.

Uncle Joe Cannon has accepted the challenge of a high kicker ninety years old. Let us hasten to add that the challenger is not a chorus girl.

Colonel Roosevelt's enemies are finding fault with his inclination to call a spade a spade. But there are lots of liars in the country he has never mentioned.

Pu-Yi, deposed baby emperor of China, has had his queue cut off. Now he can go out and play in the sand with the rest of the kids. Long live the republic!

AFTER THE MUD-THROWING

If Archbold is the perfect pink of truthfulness and Penrose—his teammate in the justly celebrated vaudeville sketch, "The Pull of Petroleum"—has recited nothing except the facts, then the two have demonstrated that Theodore Roosevelt was a thoroughly honest and patriotic President and a candidate upon whom the people can rely implicitly.

For, notwithstanding that the Standard Oil Co. gave $100,000 to the Republican campaign fund through Mr. Bliss and $25,000 through Penrose (assuming that it did), it in no way affected Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward this predatory corporation. Mr. Roosevelt was not swerved from his duty by the breadth of a hair. The records show that he had the Standard Oil Co. indicted 19 times in the state of Illinois within two years after his inauguration as President, that a year later he had it indicted 10 times in the state of New York. A federal judge assessed a fine of $29,000,000 against the Standard Oil Co. for accepting rebates in Indiana. When that judge was reversed, Mr. Roosevelt declared this action to be "a gross miscarriage of justice."

The enemies of Roosevelt repeat with gusto the charge that Harriman contributed $260,000 toward the Republican campaign fund of 1904, the year in which the Standard Oil Co., according to Archbold and Penrose, gave $125,000. Now were it true—though it has been shown that the Harriman contribution went toward the election of the New York state ticket—that Roosevelt's election was aided by this $260,000, there is the evidence of events to show that it made not a particle of difference to Mr. Roosevelt in the discharge of his duties. He caused prosecutions to be instituted against the Harriman enterprises when the investigations of government officers disclosed that these enterprises had been defying the law.

Granted that Archbold, practiced in political corruption as he shows by his own confessions, has told the truth and that Penrose, Standard Oil hired hand, has for once told an unvarnished tale, this pair have succeeded perfectly in disclosing the sharp contrast between Theodore Roosevelt and their greasy selves. Despite all the foul charges that a buyer of men and the fouler accusations of one who was for sale, the honesty and strength of character of Mr. Roosevelt stand forth more plainly marked than ever.

MORE TRUST-BUSTING.

What more natural than that the same men should direct the telegraph and telephone interests fought each try? Their functions are exactly the same. Their business is that of providing communication, and to say that they should be kept as separate and distinct entities is to say that the messenger who carries a written message shall not carrly a message by word of mouth.

There was a time when the telegraph and telephone interests fought tach other tooth and nail. The established and stronger concerns, though first contemptuous and indifferent, became jealous when the newer industry began to appeal for the same business. But in the period when the industrial captains commenced to see that there was more to be gained by co-operation than by contention, the telegraph and telephone interests joined company. The American Telephone & Telegraph company owns all the Bell telephone companies and has control over the Western Union Telegraph company. Its president is also president of the Western Union company and the directors in the two companies are the same.

The government is about to attempt to part the telephone from the telegraph business by bringing suit against the American company. No doubt the combination is a trust. Yet what a natural trust! It is as if a livery stable keeper should also run taxicabs, as if the newsstand man who has been selling only newspapers should branch out and sell magazines, as if the groceryman should lay in a stock of fresh meats. Aside from the fact that the dissolution of trusts according to the Wickersham formula is no dissolution at all, what public benefit is to be gained by issuing the pronouncement that the company which makes use of electricity in one way for one purpose shall not make use of electricity in another way for the same identical purpose?

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENT.

The penalty which good citizens, failing to govern, must pay, is to be governed by worse men.—Socrates.

The fear has been expressed that laws vitally affecting good citizenship may be altered under the wider duties and larger responsibilities imposed upon the people by the proposed changes in the Ohio constitution. To this Socrates supplied the answer. Good citizens can only have good laws and good government as they pay the price of participation in the affairs of state. You get precisely what you pay for.

The penalty of non-participation is "to be governed by worse men."

A KIND OF COURAGE.

President Roosevelt vetoed a bill which purposed giving away forever the waterpower rights of a stream over which the government held domain. His explanation marked the beginning of a new state policy. It was notice to commercial interests that, while it was altogether desirable that the resources of the country should be developed, it was the duty of the government to see that the resources which belonged to the people were not lost to them for all time and without recompense.

It has recently fallen to Mr. Taft to endorse and restate the principle which Mr. Roosevelt laid down. He has vetoed another grant to a waterpower company, holding that until some method is devised for remunerating the people for the surrender of their property and for limiting the rights of private corporations, he will oppose all waterpower bills.

The most interesting point about this second veto is that it shows that private capital has not lost heart in getting control in perpetuity of the priceless energy of the rivers and streams. And no doubt it will never lose heart so long as it can find the majority in congress in sympathy with it.

GENERAL BOOTH'S ARMY.

Many persons will remember when the roughs and the "village comedians" turned out to greet with hooting and jeering the little companies of the Salvation Army. Sometimes the Army could feel fortunate if it escaped stones and mud. But now, wherever the Salvation Army has a citadel, wherever its drums are beaten and its horns trumpeted, it receives respect.

It was no ordinary executive who could persuade his followers of the purpose and wisdom of passing through the pain and misery of contumely in order to reach the stage where they would be protected, admired and upheld. General Booth seemed to have chosen his title well. He disciplined his forces, or rather made them discipline themselves. He made them face their duty like soldiers. And to this spirit of self-denial and enthusiasm for service which he implanted, is due the tremendous influence which General Booth and his Army have come to command.

No doubt at one time the fate of this militant religious movement depended upon the strength and organizing ability of General Booth. But the army is now founded upon a rock. It is a going concern, with machinery, power and the good will of the public. It will continue the living monument of the genius and humanity of General Booth.

TEXAS' GREATEST SON.

Texas has been a half-century in growing colonels. They breed there with the fecundity of the boll-weevil and are but little less common than the ticks which cause the Texas cattle fever. They are the one never failing crop.

A candidate for governor in Texas has just named the master plank of his platform. It is a proposition to curb, limit and detitleize the colonels. He says he is weary with saluting his neighbors as "kunnel" and is tired to death with being so addressed. He believes that what Texas needs above everything else at this period of its career is just a population of plain everyday misters, some Bills and Joes and a comfortable sprinkling of Jims.

In its time every state has produced a great and aspiring soul. Here at least is the true offspring of the soil which is watered with the blood of the men of the Alamo. We salute him from afar. We trust that Texas will appreciate him and conserve him, for only once in a great while is it that one rises whose heart just naturally hankers to undertake stupendous things, to sweep away the hippopotamuses of abuses and inaugurate reforms more likely to maim than to make him.

"TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS."

In America it is only the writers of jump-and-holler summer fiction who have any exact knowledge of the complicated political problem of the Balkans. They have to look these things up quite carefully in order to supply the background against which they move their soldiers of fortune and their heroines, who to meet the requirements of readers, must be somewhat less saddle colored of complexion than the native population.

We venture, however, to interpret the new troubles in the Balkans in this way: Turkey has a foreign war on her hands. There are grave dissensions among the new rulers. The Albanians, ever ready to take pot shots at their masters, have increased the number of their raids and been somewhat bolder in practising assasination. Montenegro has made a deal with Austria and has called her reserves into arms. Austrian soldiers have crossed over into Turkish territory. Bulgaria, with a covetous eye for Macedonia, is polishing her arms. All these neighbors consider the time ripe for making an end of the Ottoman empire.

Whether or not this is the old cry of "trouble in the Balkans" we cannot say, of course. But supposing there is to be trouble, persons interested in war will have plenty of stirring matters to read about. For Turkey is a fighting nation. She has a strong army and has never lacked courage. On the other side will be the equally brave Servians, Montenegrins and Bulgarians backed up by the finely organized and well equipped land forces of the Austrians, together with a quite respectable navy. It will be no walkaway for either side.

This paraphrase of the horse and water classic comes to us from a friend in a dry town: "You can lead a man to the drug store, but you can't make him wink."

COUNTING UNHATCHED CHICKENS.

The Democrats are as confident this season as the Republicans have been confident in other campaign years. They find that the stars incline to them, the dice are loaded in their interest. Mr. Wilson lounges about his summer home. His campaigners issue statements and claims. According to the Democratic press there is only the business of reciting the mistakes of the enemy and then counting the votes.

All this sweet complacency is based upon the great split in the Republican party, upon the confusion of one candidate by the tricks and strategies of the Democratic majority in the house, upon the fact that the other candidate is called upon from time to time to defend himself from some outregious accusation. It is as if a prizefighter should think it not worth going into training because his opponent had run out of a supply of court plaster. Counting upon victory because the opposition is delayed in organization, is compelled to spend time upon details that should be given to matters of great importance, is distressed by a complication here or by backfire there, saves effort and keeps the expenses down. But counting on victory doesn't assure victory.

The Progressive party might very well afford to let the Democrats spend the next few weeks in taking a census of the unhatched chickens. Confidence is a pleasant state of mind. Yet we've still to see if confidence can be exchanged at the polls for votes.

UNENVIED PLEASURE.

In the fact that 20,000,000 words were spoken, reported and printed in the session of congress just closed is the drug which will send a statistical expert into that peculiar seventh heaven which he has staked off as his own.

Taking these 20,000,000 words, the statistical fiend will stretch them out and show how far they will reach into interplanetary voids. He will calculate their worth if each word were an average sized piece of egg coal. He will compare them with the words loosed in a close fought baseball series badly umpired and prove that congressmen are infinitely superior in point of lung power to the baseball fan. He will pile them up and cord them and mass them and present us comparative figures on the energies expended, the throats strained, and teeth worn. He will express contempt for a world so little advanced in the mechanical arts that it hasn't progressed so far as to utilize the vast waste of power in the gestures of statesmen.

The statistical folk, as we say, will find pleasure in contemplating this expenditure and publication of 20,000,000 words. No one will dispute their title to the pleasure. It is one that they will have all to themselves.

A PARABLE FOR TODAY.

The present political upheaval is due more to the fact that the strong have left the business of government to the weak, the honest have avoided duty and let the dishonest take their place, the efficient have concerned themselves with private gain and surrendered public office to the incompetent, than to any other one cause. It is an old story, as old as that book in which is recorded the parable of Jotham, touching the administration of Abimelech, son of Jerubbaal:

The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.

But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou and reign over us.

But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us.

And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine which cheereth God and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us.

And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow, and if not let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

Our business is now to rid ourselves of the brambles which have reigned over us too long. Our prayer should be that the olive tree, the fig tree and vine will not again turn away to their fatness and sweetness and wine.

THEY WILL NOT BE STAYED.

Mr. Loeb having broken silence to support the statements of Mr. Roosevelt, he has been immediately proposed for the In-Bad Club by the New York newspapers. He will never be forgiven. Nor will any one, whoever he be, who has the nerve or the impudence to interfere with the determination of the metropolitan press to prove that the Colonel has committed murder, robbed his grandmother, looted the tin-cup of a blind man and made a life long practice of sucking eggs.

TEMPTING VOTES WITH DIGNITY.

Announcement has been made that both President Taft and Governor Wilson will keep to their own front stoops throughout the campaign. They will let the other fellow do the traveling and make the rear-end speeches, arguing that the American people will naturally have a higher respect for the candidate who shows the least inclination to appeal directly for votes.

The idea that it was undignified for candidates for the presidency to go forth to show themselves and to explain themselves to the electorate is an old one and one that has received the approval of the nation. But fashions in dignity change. At one time the statesman showed it by wearing a frown and by stuffing his right hand between the buttons of his frock coat. Successful men of industry and commerce made public display of their dignity by cutting off the view of their shoes with a localized obesity and by leaning so far back that they nearly fell over. But statesmen of the towering brow school are laughed at today and newsboys consider the pompous among merchants and manufacturers fair game for their jeers. Dignity is better appreciated and understood now. It is not a thing that has to be advertised. Nor is it a thing that will serve as advertising material.

"The other fellow" will be content to have Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson imprison themselves between the back fence and the farthest reach of the garden hose in front. His dignity isn't the kind that is ruined if he goes out into the country where his countrymen are.

NATIONAL SECURITY

A citizen of any municipality might move for days and weeks between his home and his place of business or employment and not once catch sight of the uniform of a policeman. His property is protected. His home is made safe. His life is kept free of peril from the strong-arm man and the gun-man. Yet it doesn't occur to the citizen that all this security is a natural thing, vouchsafed him as is the air he breathes. The last thing he would think of would be advocating the disbanding of the police department as a useless public expense.

There are citizens of this country, however, who advocate the disbanding of the army and navy. If they had their way there would be no soldiery. They would throw the navy into the junk heap. They groan and protest against every appropriation for the maintenance of the institutions by which they are enabled to pursue their livlihood, accumulate property, raise children and seek pleasure in perfect peace without dread of foreign invader or jealous enemy. Because they have dwelled so long in national security, they feel that this security is something established, immutable and unalterable.

The security which the forces of defense of the United States provide would pass just as certainly and just as quickly as the security furnished as though police systems would disappear if the systems were dispensed with.

THE BUYER AND THE BOUGHT.

Senator Penrose's conduct of a government investigation into the Standard Oil company was so pleasing to the company, and the report to the public tickled it so, that it sent the senator a certificate of deposit for $25,000. Now, whatever Penrose did with the money, whether he used it himself or turned it over to a fund for the election of Theodore Roosevelt, doesn't change the fact that the senator misused his office.

Wherein does Penrose differ from the Democratic legislators of Illinois who confessed they had taken bribes for the election of Senator Lorimer? Wherein does he differ from the Ohioans who were caught boodling at the last session of the general assembly and were sent to the penitentiary for it? Wherein does he differ from the meanest and cheapest of the Detroit aldermen who have been called upon to answer the charge of bribe-taking?

Penrose and the man who bought him are raising up a lot of dust. They are trying to convince the country that, in spite of the fact that Penrose took the Standard Oil money for services rendered, the money did not stop in his hands. Yet how does that help either the buyer or the bought? It may help them. But there is no reason in the moral law why it should.

TIME WASTE IN CONGRESS.

The most important part of the legislation of the session of congress just closed consisted of:

The Children's Bureau act.

The Direct Election of Senators amendment.

The Sherwood Pension act.

The Phosphorus Match act.

The $15,000,000 Battleship appropriation.

In the discard went the parcels post bill, the prison labor bill, the department of labor bill, the workmen's compensation bill and the wireless apparatus bill. With these may be included the tariff bills which Mr. Taft vetoed.

The session met on December 4 last. Considering the work performed, it has seemed an inexcusably long session. In the house, the time has been devoted largely to making political capital. The tariff bills, for example, were not meant to pass. It was known at the start that the President would not give them his approval. But the operation of passing them was gone through with for the purpose of putting Mr. Taft on record again and furnishing the opposing spellbinders with material for the heavy work ahead of them. In the senate, there was too much jealousy and so much disgust with the political situation which threw several senators into the junk heap that it was difficult to get even the most unimportant business transacted. The senate was less a deliberative body than a rare collection of soreheads.

Here is one Benjamin Franklin thought of before we had a chance: "It is the dollar you do not spend that puts you ahead."

True, women are becoming prominent in politics, but that is no excuse for hiding naked truths.

The party that polls the most votes should not care if the other side does tell the most campaign lies.

SEND FOR THE BLADE'S SPECIAL CAMPAIGN TERMS

You should interest your neighbors in the Blade's special campaign offer. It will be to your advantage to write for terms at once.

Address: The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Sunday School

THE WORLD'S WANT OF WORKERS

International Sunday School Lesson for September 8 Is "The Mission of the Twelve." Mat 9:35-10:15; 10:40-11.1.

By William T. Ellis.

There was once a philanthropist, before the time when helpful folk wore that big name, who went about among the people serving them. Although the wisest man in the world, He was not a theorist writing books about philanthropy in a detached study. He kept close to the unwashed, sweaty, bad-mannered, ungrateful common people, who sometimes whined about their diseases and their hardships, and were not always worthy of the labor He bestowed upon them. Yet day and night, caring not for the cost to Himself, this Friend healed and helped and comforted. He was the ideal social worker.

The Pasison for People.

As He moved among them this philanthropist was stirred to His heart's depth by the needs of His neighbors—for He liked to call people His neighbors. An ancient report of His experiences says, "When He saw the multitude He was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered as sheep not having a shepherd." Another interpretation of the same account is even more moving, "He saw them as sheep with the fleece torn off, bleeding, and unable to rise up."

Compassion for people was the first mark of this Friend. He was the merciful minister. Although He never took a course in any school of philanthropy, He Himself was a Teacher in the schol of love. He had a rare capacity for affection. He loved men in the mass, and yet with a realization of their individuality without any limit.

This passion for people has become contagious. Since exemplified by the Master it has grown to be the dominant note of our time. There is a new hymn that is being much sung in Great Britain and is making its way to America, which embodies this modern sense of the claims of the multitude. It is called "God Save the People," and is sung to the tune "Commonwealth."

"When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away.
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

"Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No! say Thy mountains;
No! Thy skies.
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people!

"When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people;
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people;
Thine they are.
Thy children, as Thine angels fair,
From vice, oppression and despair
God save the people!"

Where Are the Workers?

As this Friend toiled amid the masses, He wondered at the lack of helpers. It seemed to Him that this business of serving people was the most beautiful work in the world, and the one best worth while,—verily a man's job! As for Himself, He asked no other lot, and held no other ambition than to work for and to give His life for the help of the people.

This condition which, as our lesson story shows, obtained in ancient Galilee, is still true today. Social service of many sorts is calling for men. The church wants workers, the Sunday school wants workers—and teaching a class of boys and girls the right ideals of life is about the highest form of social service. The old cry for helpers still rings throughout the world. Every Christian leader can tell of the hours he spends in trying to argue men into doing helpful service which should be their privilege and joy. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

Starting An Endless Chain.

Most of us have had experience with the pernicious chain letters which are designed to go on endlessly making their begging appeal. There are other endless chains far worthier. One was started when this great man-Lover found Himself confronted by the claimant needs of the people, and so organized a scheme of perpetual service. He called 12 big men into his fellowship and trained them in service. They in turn, were to select and school others. That method has gone on to the present time. Through all the centuries the goodly company of the apostles has been growing. Whoever is doing apostolic work of ministry is in the apostolic succession. All servants of Christ are links in the endless chain which He established when on earth.

There are many points of difference between this organization and other societies. One is that real authority was given unto the friends of Christ. The final word in all things of character and conduct is with the right. Good is the master of evil; saintliness as the right to rebuke sin; goodness prevails over badness. There is more grass than weeds in the earth, and more light than darkness. Roughly counting up some of the achievements of the apostles and their successors, we find that permanent victory is with the Christ crowd.

The Power of the Average Man.

All over Christendom we see statues and pictures of the apostles. Commonly they are shown with halos around their heads. Sometimes children think that the apostles wore these when they were alive. The tendency is to conventionalize the reality out of these everyday peasants in the common clothes of their neighborhood, and with tousled hair and hands calloused and soiled with honest labor. That is the sort of greatest work of the world. He did not go to the Sanhedrin or to the palace for His cabinet but He went out where the ordinary everyday folk were to be met.

If this lesson accomplishes anything it should disabuse some minds of the idea that the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven depends upon the rare and exceptional men. Let it be said over and over again, with all possible emphasis, that the best friend of God is the common man. Lincoln's homely saying contained a profound truth, that "the Lord Almighty must love the common people, because He made so many of them." The churches are comprised in overwhelming preponderance of plain folk. The "one man" church is always a failure. Straight from the apostles comes this message of the indispensibility of ordinary people. The success of evangelism, missions, reform, and all other Christ causes, is to come by the union of the many in the service of the will of Christ.

The Marching Orders.

"Travel light," is good counsel for those who fare forth from home. Jesus sent His apostles out to their ministry with instructions to go about in the simplest fashion, and with the most meagre equipment. Goods always encumber. When religion grows highly organized its tendency is to become too cumbersome for efficiency. Thus the great office buildings which denominations are erecting, and the huge endowments for city churches, are by no means an unmixed blessing. The first consideration is that all servants of Christ should be free and untrammeled. Their business is primarily with the message. In high dignity, and yet in utmost simplicity, they are to carry a story to the world.

What if the world will not receive the simply told story? Shall we not impress them by the wealth and magnificence and power of the Church? Ah, that is a falacy into which religion has often fallen, to the dire hurt of religion and of the world.

The twelve were to testify to the truth, but if the truth were not received, then judgment would lie against those who spurned it. It is a terrible thing to know spiritual truth, for with the knowledge comes responsibility. Yet we are answerable for all the truth we can by any means learn, as well as for that truth which we cannot escape.

One last word the lesson contains for the disciple. "He that receiveth you receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me." Christ identifies His representatives with Himself. He goes into all the world through them. The world's treatment of them in their sacred mission is as treatment of Himself. That is a "high calling" indeed. No earthly ambassadorship can equal in dignity and in power this mission of working in the Name and at the command of Christ.

Problem of Our Defense

W. H. Arthur, U. S. A., in the North American Review.

IT IS certain that we must increase the available national forces or decrease the necessity for widely dispersed garrisons. Our obligations in the Philippines, Hawaii, Panama, Porto Rico and Alaska, so far as maintenance of garrisons is concerned, may be regarded as of indefinite duration. The trouble in China may be regarded as an occasional incident. The demands for troops along the Mexican border are not likely to diminish.

After providing for these fixed obligations in the way of garrisons, the number of regiments of the mobile army remaining available is not sufficient for an expeditionary force in any probable campaign. It is now positively determined that the organized militia is not subject to call in such a contingency, and therefore some method must be adopted to provide a reserve which may be mobilized even though war be not formally declared. The necessities of the situation demand a greater force than can possibly be provided by extending the enlistment for regulars to embrace a period of reserve obligations.

There seems only one course open and that involves the organization and maintenance during peace of a considerable body of United States volunteers separate and distinct from the state militia and with officers appointed by the President as now provided by law.

Facts About Animals

Answers, London.

THERE are many strange facts about animals which no one has ever seemed able to understand.

A fly, for instance, will crawl to the top of a window pane, fly back to the bottom, and crawl up again. Hardly ever does it fly up and crawl down. Hens scratch for food always with the sun behind them, so that its rays will reflect on the tiny particles. Yet a blind hen, for whom this reason does not hold, always manages to get the sun behind her when she scratches.

Cats hardly ever lie with their feet to the fire. In most cases they lie instead with their left side turned towards it. Dogs, however, invariably lie with their forepaws to the fire. A mouse overlooks a perfectly safe food supply to enjoy the perilous pleasures of an unlimited store.

Why does a dog always turn round two or three times before he lies down? It is because his remote ancestors had to scratch around in the leaves or long grass for a bed before they could find a convenient place in which to lie.

Optical Illusions.

London Standard.

Professor Stirling explained a variety of optical illusions, including the after effects of seen movements and entasis, or convexity in curvature. He demonstrated how the Greek architects had realized the existence of entasis and had constructed their horizontal beams in convex form in order to remove the apparent concave appearance, and had given to the pillars on the Parthenon and other ancient buildings just such a bulge as was necessary to destroy the erratic effect of a series of parallel columns.

In dealing with colored shadows Professor Stirling demonstrated the great difficulties that occasionally beset the designers of dress materials. Recently in Manchester, he stated, a dispute arose between a designer and the weavers upon the appearance of a pink shade in some finished material. The dispute would have ended in a lawsuit had not a scientist demonstrated the fact that the existence of pink was merely an illusion produced by a certain arrangement of other colors, and that no colors had been introduced except those supplied by the designer.

German banks, according to newspaper dispatches, have begun to introduce the finger print as a mark of indentification on checks. The method is already in use in the United States.

Notwithstanding labor troubles, the United Kingdom put on record last year increased output and shipments of coal. The shipments exceeded those of 1910 by over 2,500,000 tons.

Varieties

One-horse power will operate [illegible] 000,000 watches.

All efforts to "reconstruct" the [illegible] erald have failed.

Ireland's largest railroad, [illegible] has a mileage of 1,121.

The African cotton crop is grow[illegible] rapidly in quantity.

Fifty-seven thousand Scotch[illegible] left Scotland last year.

A playwright is the proud pos[illegible] sor of 127 pairs of trousers.

Switzerland's tourist traffic in [illegible] amounted to $150,000,000.

Montreal is considering a $100,[illegible] 000 underground electric line.

The library of the British muse[illegible] contains 1,000,000 volumes.

An alarm which indicates a flat t[illegible] has been patented recently.

The area of the United States [illegible] ceeds 3,000,000 square miles.

Every German bank clerk speaks [illegible] least one foreign language.

Nearly two-thirds of the men of t[illegible] Transvaal states are unmarried.

At retail rates the annual coal b[illegible] of New York city foots up at $[illegible] 000,000.

Worn-out machinery is now [illegible] claimed by the process of electr[illegible] welding.

The roller jewel of a watch mak[illegible] 432,000 impacts every day against [illegible] fork.

Practically the entire tea crop [illegible] India is disposed of at auction in C[illegible] cutta.

The water power of this country [illegible] present totals at 6,000,000 hor[illegible] power.

The Russian government has p[illegible] the sable hunters out of commiss[illegible] for three years.

Andrew Carnegie, in London, s[illegible] millionaires in this country are n[illegible] taxed enough.

A French bicycler has invented [illegible] practical tricycle street cleaner p[illegible] pelled by foot power.

The popularity of the automa[illegible] lighters has greatly effected the sa[illegible] of matches in Europe.

Shakespeare's birthplace at Str[illegible] ford-on-Avon is visited annually b[illegible] 40,000 persons.

It is expected that a Japanese fir[illegible] will soon have a large supply of Ja[illegible] anese coal at Honolulu.

Public entertainments of Londo[illegible] given on Sundays are attended b[illegible] 200,000 persons.

Calcutta, with a population of ne[illegible] ly a million and a half, is the secon[illegible] city of the British empire.

A completely equipped laborato[illegible] for the study of ozone has been re[illegible] cently established in London.

Irish ship yards turned out 24 ve[illegible] sels last year, Scotch yards 557 ve[illegible] sels and English yards 897.

The pawnbrokers of London mu[illegible] display their names prominently [illegible] front of their places of business.

The French city of Lyons has [illegible] project for a new central railway st[illegible] tion to be built at a cost of $12,000,[illegible] 000.

In the 48 states of the last religio[illegible] census shows approximately 60,000[illegible] 000 church sittings—not sitters.

A rain which follows a drought [illegible] contains a large percentage of am[illegible] monia, which is of great value to th[illegible] plant life.

The English are evidently not gi[illegible] ing up the tea habit. Last year the[illegible] imported 16,222,000 pounds mo[illegible] than in 1910.

According to officials the cost t[illegible] Canada of obtaining the 354,000 im[illegible] migrants last year was $1,080,208, [illegible] less than $3 a head.

Professional story tellers wand[illegible] over the country in Japan in larg[illegible] numbers. They entertain at a sma[illegible] charge an hour.

The Texan cattle ranch of Mr[illegible] Henrietta M. King embraces 1,9[illegible] square miles, more than that of th[illegible] state of Rhode Island.

Paris has a secret telephone list fo[illegible] those who do not want to be in th[illegible] book of subscribers for one reason o[illegible] another.

In 20 years there have been 4,0[illegible] inventions of tires, not including m[illegible] chanical devices to take the place o[illegible] tires.

A nonspilliable flower vase, to kee[illegible] a corsage bouquet fresh while it [illegible] being worn, has been invented by a [illegible] French woman.

In Aden, Arabia, the averag[illegible] worker makes from 12 to 16 cents [illegible] day, and on this he supports himse[illegible] and his family.

Krupp's factory at Essen, Germany[illegible] now employs 45,000 skilled workme[illegible] as compared with 12,000 30 years [illegible] ago.

The steel entering into the manu[illegible] facture of automobile wheels during [illegible] the last year amounted to 15,000 ton[illegible] in this country alone.

A women's club in New York, sinc[illegible] admitting men to membership, ha[illegible] increased the number of its women [illegible] members by 20 per cent.

The cross was formerly a part o[illegible] all signatures, made as an evidence [illegible] of the subscriber's faith and not o[illegible] inability to write, as it is now.

German banks have begun to in[illegible] troduce the finger print as a mark o[illegible] indentification on checks. The metho[illegible] is already in use in the United States.

The city of Palermo, Sicily, has [illegible] 360,000 inhabitants, yet during the [illegible] years 1908 to 1910 there were on[illegible] 338 fires, which cost the trifling los[illegible] of $90,000.

The Mexican maguey plant fur[illegible] nishes the national drink, a valuable [illegible] medicine, fibre for basket making an[illegible] weaving, and takes the place o[illegible] thread.

The fashions followed by the Jap[illegible] anese women in the matter of he[illegible] clothing has remained practically th[illegible] same for more than 2,500 years.

Chinese tailors are working over[illegible] time. The cause is the revolution [illegible] which has changed not only the gov[illegible] ernment, but is altering the custom[illegible] and even the clothing.

Palermo, Italy, produces quantitie[illegible] of outfits for brides, principally o[illegible] muslin. The girls who do the work [illegible] get from 12 to 25 cents and the skille[illegible] workers from 30 to 60 cents a day.

Cheese is coming more and more i[illegible] favor for lunches in England. In [illegible] addition to the homemade produc[illegible] there were consumed last year im[illegible] ported cheese that cost $34,746,000.

Tobacco prices in England have fo[illegible] some time been rising steadily in [illegible] consequence of an increased consump[illegible] tion that has not been fully met by [illegible] an increased production.

AFT SAYS VETO IS USED AS DUTY

esident Declares Executive Who Fears to Use It Is a Coward.

Columbus, August 29.—President ft publicly explained today exercise of the veto power, his speech to a great crowd of mers on the state fair grounds he lared that a president who did not the veto power when he thought should be used proved himself a ward.

President Taft was not told of the est of a woman, Mrs. Beers, who taken out of a hotel, where she se was awaiting to punish the sident.

Duty to Veto.

"Some of my friends say," said the sident, "that if a king had used veto power as I have, his head uld have dropped in the basket. t I am not a king, and that is very ferent. The President has the wer and it is his duty if he does approve legislation, to veto it. must use the veto when his conence tells him, whether his head ops in the basket or not. If presits are men—and most of them are hey will exercise the veto when ey think they ought.

"Look Over the Others."

"Look over the vetoes of other presits and show me the bad ones, and will show you more that are good. forefathers thought that it was ll to have one man who would repsent all the people, and who would able to tell all the people when he legislation that he did not believe good. The veto is an excellent ng. My friends who criticise me ge that I was elected just as they re, and by a good many more peo- than they were."

Promises Legislation.

The President spoke to the farmers legislation which congress has ented for their benefit, and promised at other legislation would follow. referred to the system of agricul- banks in Germany, which extend it to the farmers at low interest es, and said that the United States ernment is now investigating this tem with the purpose of introducg it in this country if found feasible. He traced the history of Ohio briefly in passing paid his respects to the former. "One trouble with the pres- day reformer," said the President, that he wants his reforms put into ct tomorrow morning for breakst. Reforms do not come that quick- Mere change is not necessarily ogress."

ALK UNDER THE WATER

atest Form of Amusement for the People of Paris

Paris, Sept. 1.—Walking on the bot- m of the river Seine promises to be- me a summer diversion for Pari- ans.

Maurice Ferniz, a blonde young man ho formerly was a sailor, showed a rge crowd how it can be done. He s invented an ingeanious apparatus hich experts declare to be most val- ble for life-saving. It is a modified ving bell, but instead of being cum- rsome and necessitating nearly hour to adjust, it is attached to a e which runs to the surface and n be adjusted in 30 seconds.

Fernez took a boat, rowed out to the iddle of the river, let himself over- ard and proceeded to walk along the ttom of the river for a quarter of n hour. His progress was marked enormous bubbles that rose to the rface.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR ITS

Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex Ahl, Tobinsport, Ind., writes Nov. 18, 1905: "I o doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling painful affliction, Goitre, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Lacerations. Price $1.00 per bottle at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 G Free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F. 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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I am so sure that my Drafts will bring relief to you, no matter how bad your case, that I want you to try them at my expense. Send my coupon with your name and address, and by return mail you will get a regular Dollar pair of my famous Magic Foot Drafts to try free. If you could read my letters telling of marvelous cures, you will believe me when I say that I know of nothing so sure and sure for Rheumatism of every kind, no matter where located, or how severe, as my Drafts, which are already in demand all over the civilized world. We have letters even from cases of 40 and 50 years' standing saying that at last they have been cured. But it takes very little to fill out and mail a coupon and then if not satisfied in a thorough trial, the Drafts cost me. One pair if not, your money, your word, can you afford for not investigating a harmless remedy so powerfully backed up by tens of thousands of letters from satisfied users, when you can test its merit without cost? Don't wait, but send this coupon to-day—now.

—This $1 Coupon FREE—

Entitles the bearer to one pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to try (as explained above).

Name.....

Address.....

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, W B 36 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

SULTAN MAKES 380 GRASS WIDOWS ALL AT A SWOOP

New York, August 30.—The city of Fez, in the land of Morocco, has Reno in the wilds of Nevada backed off the map when it comes to divorces. In one day in Fez 380 divorces took place and the wives all had the same husband.

The occasion was the deposing of the Sultan Muli Hafid and the ascent to the Moorish throne of Muli Yusef. The transfer of Sultans in Morocco on short notice was told this morning by Sie Hassan Ben Ali, a gentleman of Turkish persuasion, who arrived in the Carpathia. He was present in Fez when the divorcing took place.

Muli Hafid had had the reputation of having the most gorgeously appointed harem that ever set off the glories of the Far East. There were not less than 380 members of his harem club and in an outburst of generous impulse he handed the fair ones over to his successor, Muli Yusef, in the choicest of high Moorish, told him to go jump into the river and take his harem with him.

"All right, old sport," returned Muli Hafid in the same language and with a most magnificent salaam. "If you don't know a good thing or a bunch of good things when you see it, it serves you right."

So Muli Yusef had the beauties of the harem all brought out in a big parade. With tom toms and cymbals they were headed to the river which flows by the wals of Fez to the sea. Here Muli Hafid had sampans and rowboats and sailboats waiting and his many wives, happy in his company, made the welkin ring with their shouts of joy and their songs of gladness at the thought that they were not to lose the love and companionship of their beloved.

Hours were required to get the harem members into the boats and a whole populace looked on in sorrow at the departure of the popular Muli Hafid. When the departing sultan had all the beauties in the boats he raised a hand and a steam launch from a French warship came choo-chooing right up to his feet as he stood at the pier.

Muli Hafid stepped aboard and made a most profound salaam to the city he was leaving. Then he turned to his joyous, loving, babbling, singing 380 wives and rained kisses to them with his hands, both hands. Then he told the officer in command of the launch to put spurs to the engine and to beat it for all he was worth. He reached the warship, which had steam up and had her colors flying, then he made another profound salaam and waved more kisses.

The band played "Goodby, My Love, Goodby," and they watched the steamer go round the bend and the loving 380 of the harem all began to cry.

Deserted! No less cruel word can be applied. In a hostile band with a strange sultan! The departing Muli had created 380 grass widows in one awful swoop.

WILSON LIKES CAMPAIGNING

Makes Seven Speeches Instead of One, and May Get Out Again.

Seagirt, N. J., August 30.—Tired wrists and aching fingers reminded Governor Woodrow Wilson today that he had spent the most strenuous day of his life in this trip through Pennsylvania. The governor estimated that he had spoken on his impromptu tour of 250 miler to nearly 40,000 people and that he had shaken hands in one day with about 3,000 individuals.

The most interesting revelation to Governor Wilson was the fact that he found himself making seven speeches instead of one he had planned, that he was just as busy on the back platform of his train as presidential candidates always have been and that he was almost converted to the old-fashioned idea of campaigning which at first he had thought to abandon in favor of a few scheduled addresses.

Noise Bothers Him.

"I would enjoy it all, in fact I like it," said the governor today, speaking of his back-platform talks, "if it were not for the speechmaking. It is difficult to talk while engines are being switched around you and the noises of the railroad yards are distracting. If I didn't have to make speeches and could just shake hands, I wouldn't mind it at all, because the people seem so straightforward, so hearty and so sincere."

The governor plainly was pleased by the thousands who greeted him along the journey, the more so because his receptions along the line were not planned, his special car being attached to a regular train.

Hits Other Candidates.

The governor disgressed materially from his prepared speech, but developed much the same line of thought, criticizing Col. Roosevelt's tariff views and taking issue with President Taft's veto of the farmers' free list bill. He referred indirectly to political conditions in Pennsylvania as outlined by Rep. A. Mitchell Palmer, who introduced the governor and spoke of the Penrose revelations. "I do not know how many Republicans there are within the sound of my voice or those who have been Republicans, but are on the anxious seat," said the governor in his first speech at Williams' Grove, "but I want to say that I entirely respect, though I do not at all understand their reverence for the doctrine of protection. I haven't any reverence for the doctrine whatever except so far as it works. Now, the doctrine of protection is worth looking at, as it works. It has been said, and it has been said so often that you have believed it, that the doctrine of protection was maintained in our politics to benefit the farmers of the United States.

Don't Need Protection.

"The American farmer never has been protected, for the very good reason that he never needed to be protected and his grains have sold at prices established by the prices which his produce commanded in foreign markets. That is an economic fact. And in the meantime everything that you can use on the farm, everything that you wear and a great deal of what you eat, but do not yourselves produce, including meats, bears a heavy duty which brings about the interesting result that you are paying for the wealth of the United States and getting nothing equivalent to it, so far as the tariff is concerned. Now, that hasn't just begun to be true. It has always been true, but you have had such confidence in some of your leaders that you haven't allowed yourselves to think about it at all.

"The chairman of the meeting, kindly referred to me as the next president of the United States. Now, I dont' know whether I am to be or not, but I do know this; that I am going to have just as much fun one way as the other. I would like to have the fighting advantage that that great office would give me, but having been born of a fighting breed, I don't have to have the office to do the fighting. I have enlisted for life, and I don't have to be an officer. I can shoot just as straight as a private."

STEAMSHIP CO. INQUIRY NEXT

Congressional Committee Will Go Into Water Trade Methods

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Chairman J. W. Alexander, of the committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, has sent out to every steamboat compan yin the United States a ruled pamphlet of 78 pages containing questions to be answered by the companies in the investigation which the committee has been directed to make "of the methods and practices of the ship lines and transportation agencies engaged in our over-sea, coastwise and inland commerce."

The investigation is being awaited by the navigation companies with considerable interest as it calls upon them to furnish information with regard to their affairs never before called for, and it may result in the committee recommending that a Federal body be created similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission that would have the same jurisdiction over the steamboat traffic of the country as the commission named has over railroad traffic. It is known that members of the committee believe that the water traffic of the United States should be subject to Federal regulation and control, particularly their rates and their handling of terminal facilities. At present, water commerce is under the jurisdiction of the commission if it is in connection wth a railroad, but the large bulk of steamboat business both of commodities and passengers in this country is from port to port.

Public Hearings.

Chairman Alexander is now at his home in Gallatin, Missouri, and he is expected back here about the middle of September when it is believed he will announce the date for the first public hearings to be given by the committee. It is not the purpose of the committee to summon witness until it is in receipt of a large part of the information called for as it is the intention to use this information as the basis for examination and cross examination.

The companies have been called upon to furnish a list of stocks owned by them and bonds and other securities, and how acquired, and also the names of all directors, officers, etc., and how stock is voted and if by a voting trust. The gross and net earnings for the past five years are also asked as well as the dividends paid.

To Discover Connection.

In order to disclose the inter-relationship that exists between steamboat companies themselves and other corporations, the companies have been asked to give the names of all corporations and firms owning stock in them and the amount of the holdings.

Questions to ascertain the ownership or control of piers, docks or other water terminals are contained in the pamphlet and the companies have been requested to give the description and location of such piers, docks and other terminals and the terms by which they hold and use them.

The companies are also directed to file with the committee a sworn copy of all port to port class and commodity rates now charged and the date when the rates went into effect, and also full information with reference to relations with railroads.

ARE GIRLS OLD NOW AT 25?

Such Is Decision of Chicago Y. W. C. A. Officials.

Chicago, August 28.—That a woman is no longer young when she attains the age of 25 and therefore is ineligible for the privilege of making her home and residence in a building exclusively dedicated to the purpose of the Young Women's Christian Association, is the decision just reached by the board of directors of the Young Women's Christian Association of this city.

Until a short time ago the board of directors of the Y. W. C. A. considered a woman young at 30. Now, however, after long deliberation, the board has come to the conclusion that women are no longer young after they have attained the age of 25.

Notice to Our Readers

If you would like to have your neighbor or friend receive a sample copy of the Toledo Blade, send us their name and address on the following blank. Or you may send us a list of names on a post'al card. We will greatly appreciate this favor.

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TO SHOOT AMERICANS?

Mexican Rebels Set Sept 15 as "Dead Time."

Douglas, Arizona, August 29.—Americans will be killed by rebels after September 15, is the declaration brought here from Col. Emilio P. Campa, a leader of Orozco's rebel army, who with 800 men is operating along the Southern Pacific below Nogales, Arizona.

The word is brought here by various Americans who declare they received it directly from Campa. An only alternative given by the rebel leader is the resignation of President Madero.

Based on a report received from Thomas Holland, a former Arizona ranger and United States customs officer, American Consul Dye, of Agua Prieta, Mex., wired the state department at Washington that Campa declares the state of Sonora will be devastated unless the Mexican president resigns.

AUTO TUMBLES INTO CANYON

Four Women Hurt When Car Runs Off Mountain Road.

Boulder, Colo., August 28.—Miss Madie Ripley, of Boulder, was perhaps fatally injured, Barbara Ripley sustained a broken arm and scalp wounds and Mrs. B. H. McCord and Miss Tuttle, both of Kansas City, were painfully hurt last night when an automobile driven by Ralph Reed ran off a mountain road, turned three somersaults and landed at the bottom of Boulder canyon. Reed had turned out his car in an attempted to pass an approaching car when the accident happened.

BORDEN DEFIES SUFFRAGETTES

Canadian Premier Says Militant Methods Can't Move Him.

London, August 28.—Canadian Premier Robert L. Borden, when he faced the suffragettes for the first time today, took a firm stand. He told them very emphatically he had no power to introduce a general measure of suffrage for women in the Dominion of Canada, and that no threats of the employment of militant methods would have any influence on him.

The delegation of Women's Social and Political Union was introduced by Miss Barratt. She stated that their chief object was to ask the Canadian premier if he intended on his return to the Dominion to introduce a government measure for the enfranchisement of women.

AN EDISON ANNIVERSARY

New York, Sept. 3.—Tomorrow will mark the 30th anniversary of the beginning of commercial incandescent lighting. On September 4, 1882, Thomas A. Edison started in operation on the world's first central station in an old brick bulding in lower New York. The power house contained only a single dynamo, and current was sent through underground cables into some 400 lamps distributed throughout a territory of a square mile.

The original territory was selected because most of the offices were closed at night, thus giving Edison a chance to test his wires should any troubles manifest itself. Among the first buildings supplied were the Army office, the "Times" and "Herald" offices, and the headquarters of J. P. Morgan & Co., which had a lavish equipment, including 106 lights. This was considered a remarkable achievement.

SUES FOR TITANIC LOSS

Philadelphia, August 28.—Mrs. Elizabeth Faunthrope, widow of a Titanic victim and herself a survivor, has sued the White Star Co. for $10,000 in the federal court here for the loss of her husband.

Mr. Faunthorpe's body was recovered at sea and more than $1,000 worth of jewelry was taken from his clothing.

Origin of Zinc.

Indianapolis News.

Zinc was introduced into Europe in the 17th or 18th century by men from India. It was known then as calaem, splauter or tuttanego, and was the same metal which the famous alchemist, Andreas Lebavius, described in 1606, and which, he declared, consisted of silver, cadmia, mercury and arsenic. Late in the 16th century keen competition was going on between the Portuguese and the Dutch in the Indian seas, and a Portuguese ship having been captured by the Dutch her cargo of calaem or "Indian tin" found its way into Europe. Nobody at that time knew what it was, and it was a piece of this cargo that became the subject of analysis by Lebavius. Zinc, it seems, was first produced in India, but soon became an important industry in China. The first Chinese book which mentions zinc, calling it ya-yuen, according to the Engineering and Mining Journal, is the Tien-kong-gai-ou, or "Technical Encyclopedia." China was the sole producer of zinc until the middle of the 18th century, disregarding a minute quantity of that metal, which was occasionally obtained as a byproduct in the lead furnaces of Goslar in the Harz mountains.

The Astor Wealth.

To preserve and increase his great fortune, Colonel John Astor didn't have to make an effort or even take a risk. So great was his inherited wealth that he could afford both idleness and the elimination of venture. Even his financial thinking was done for him by his departed ancestors. Commenting on the conduct of the Astor estate, the New York Sun says: "By putting their properties out under long term leases the Astors lose much of the benefit of constantly increasing values. Instances are being cited of properties which they leased years ago under old valuations from which they could now derive 10 and 20 times as much money as they are getting. Their tenants, however, sell and resell their leases, often at big profit to themselves. In all countries there is no fortune more securely established than that of the Astors."

DENMARK TO SHINE AT CANAL OPENING

Will Be Represented by Crack Cruiser in Big Fleet at Panama.

Copenhagen, Denmark, August 28.—The Danish army is to be well represented in the great fleet which is to assemble to commemorate the opening of the Panama canal. The big cruiser Valkyrien, one of the finest ships in the navy, has been chosen as the Danish representative.

It is planned to send as one of her officers a prince of the royal family—either Prince Valdemar or his son, Prince Axel, both of whom are naval officers.

It is also known that Prince Gustav, brother of the king, would like to make the voyage.

The Valkyrien is best known in America as the Danish warship which rendered splendid relief service at the time of thet Martinique earthquake. Some years ago, under the command of Vice-Admiral Prince Valdemar, she made a trip to the East Indies.

Criticize Picture Films.

Some long stock plays which are becoming a feature of the moving picture shows, are severely criticized by the educational authorities and others interested in the welfare of children. Most of the plays in subject matter are on a level with the most sensational dime novels and others are mediocre variations on the problem play without any saving grace of cleverness. Thousands go to these shows on account of the low admission charges and the effect on the young is considered so harmful that the demand for a censorship of these films is growing. Most of them are of Danish manufacture, and many of them are exported to other countries.

Prince to Join Boy Scouts.

Prince Knud, the second son of King Christian X, has obtained the permission of his parents to join the Boy Scouts. The young prince, who is very bright, has earned the cost of his uniform by saving up his pocket money, just as the other Boy Scouts are required to do.

In drill the prince has taken a leading place and, like all of the Danish boy scouts, he has learned to cook while on the march.

The lesson in the culinary art was so well learned by the prince that he invited his mother and father to a little dinner which he had prepared with his own hands. He served his august parents with soup, an excellent course of meat, vegetables and some nice dessert, and at the conclusion of the meal their majesties agreed that they had enjoyed an excellent dinner and they promised the prince that they would soon again become his guests.

Look to American Market.

The Danish farmer is looking forward to America as a future market for his bacon and butter. Formerly he did not consider the American market, for it looked as if the local farmers could supply it for many years to come, but he now realizes that there is not enough bacon and butter of the best quality produced there to meet the increasing demand.

Some of the big New York hotels have made inquiries as tot the prices at which they can get the Danish products, and the matter will soon be under discussion by the rural cooperative societies of Denmark. These societies will not attempt to compete witht a low priced article, and the tariff may be the obstacle which will prevent the export of much Danish bacon and butter to the United States.

WEBER LEADS BYERS

Wheaton, Ill., Sept. 3.—On the first round in the championship golf match today Harold Weber, of Toledo, leads Eben Byers, of Pittsburg, 2 up. Each made 39 out. Coming in Weber finished in 37 and Byers in 40, totals being 76 and 79.

REVELATIONS NEAR ON ORIGIN OF LIFE

British Scientists Expect Startling Results From Coming Dundee Meeting

London, Sept. 1.—An address and discussion, which will produce no little excitement among men of science throughout the world, says the Daily Mail, is likely to make notable the meeting of the British Association which opens in Dundee on September 4.

"The subject is the origin of life," says the newspaper. "Prof. Schafer, the eminent Edinburgh physiologist, is devoting his presidential address wholly to the theme. There will be grouped together so many small discoveries, leading to one point, as to startle those who are not well acquainted with recent scientific progress. Some important addition to the sum of knowledge is likely to be made.

"The address will certainly be more remarkable than any delivered before for many years, and in expectation of it an exceptional number of the notables of science will attend the meeting.

"Is it so improbable that life can be manufactured chemically? Some astounding results, of which little has been heard recently, have been achieved. It has been found in one case that the essence of the lifeless relics of some of the lowest forms of life could produce an effect, which, it was supposed, could only be brought about by living things.

"Prof. E. A. Minchin of London University, who will set on foot the discussion, will have some strange tales to tell of the fertilization of the lower forms of sea life. Students of plants have made discoveries, which in some cases corroborate the results of the students of animal life, and, therefore, arranged that the two sections of botany and zoology shall meet to discuss this mystery. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell will join in the distinction as the president of the section of zoology, and he has a personal theory of the origin of life, which is of particular interest."

WOLVES BESIEGE A STATION

Arrival of Train Saves Agent From Awful Death.

By the Associated Press.

Birmingham, Ala., August 30.—Arrival of a freight train at Prospect, Ala., early yesterday morning probably saved the Northern Alabama railway station agent there from being torn to pieces by wolves. A pack of the wolves surrounded the little depot early in the night and drove the agent inside, where he barricaded windows and doors. He shot two of the animals when they tried to jump through the window. The arrival of the freight train scared the pack away.

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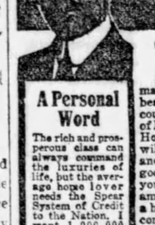

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BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5941—Misses' and Small Women's Dress.

Here is something at once fascinating and girlishly sweet. The dress is a simple type, yet has all the new features of the latest fashions. It closes at the front and choice of two styles of collar is given. The skirt is a four gored model with tunic and plaited foundation. Any of the pretty new woolen materials may be used with the collar and cuffs of silk.

The pattern 5941 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5 yds. of 36 inch material with ¾ yard of 24 in. contrasting goods.

3696—Ladies' Combination.

The combination suits have won great favor this season and those who have never had one will do well to make one from this pattern. The suit consists of corset cover and open drawers that are cut circular, and also full enough to give the effect of a petticoat.

The pattern 3696 is cut in sizes 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yds. of 36 inch material with 5 yds. of edging 6½ in. wide.

5952—Ladies' Waist.

The peplum is a feature of this pretty waist, yet it is not necessary to the completion of the garment. The pattern provides for two styles of collar and the new fashionable long sleeves with pointed or frilled cuffs are given. Wide revers add further to the good style of the waist. Taffeta, silk, all-over and many other fabrics may be utilized to good advantage.

The pattern 5952 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

5718—Ladies' Coat.

This stylish coat has the new fashionable closing outline and a special feature is the double collar, which adds further-ness to the attractiveness to the garment. The coat closes with two large buttons. Serge or linen can be used for this coat with the collar and cuffs of contrasting goods.

The pattern 5718 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4¼ yards of 36 inch material.

5929—Misses' and Small Women's Dress.

This dainty frock is designed for the miss and small woman and all its lines are girlish and attractive. The garment closes at the back and has a two piece skirt. The collar is a pretty feature but the garment may be finished without this being tucked at the shoulders in front. The skirt may be finished with or without the plaiting.

The pattern 5929 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5 yds. of 36 inch material and 1¾ yds. of 22 in. all-over.

4616—Boys' Dress.

Boys' styles are very much the same. This little dress pictured above is for the real small boy who has not yet been put into knickerbockers. All boys like pockets and one is inserted in the left side of front which is sure to please the little fellow. A shield, which as a rule is made of white material, is included in the pattern.

The pattern 4616 is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 27 inch material.

5957—Ladies' Two Piece Skirt.

Here is a plain, practical skirt model, a particularly easy design to construct. It is in two pieces and closes at the left side. It may be finished in walstline and serge, mohair, whipcord or similar material may be used for development.

The pattern 5957 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 44 inch material.

3145—Ladies' Kimono.

This graceful garment lends itself well to many different materials. The printed cotton varieties of Japanese crepes are within the reach of everyone.

Much of the effect of the garment depends upon the trimming. This is only a simple band, but if taste is used in selecting a color which contrasts or harmonizes with the ground or design of the fabric used it does much to make an ornamental effect.

The pattern No. 3145 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 6 yards of material 36 inches wide for the long kimono with 2½ yards of 20-inch silk for the trimming bands. For short kimono sacque 3¾ yards of 36 inch material

5953—Children's Empire Dress.

This clever little empire dress may be made with or without tucks and with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. It is extremely simple yet delightfully charming. Lawn, dotted swiss, dimity, silk or challis will be employed for its development.

The pattern 5953 is cut in sizes 3, 5 and 7 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material and 1¼ yards of ribbon.

The PEACE PAGE.

Simple Canning Outfit

It is the canning and preserving season now and every good housewife is busy over the steaming, fragrant kettles and jars. They are the moist scented days with constantly growing rows of jars and cans on the shelves filled with ruddy liquors. They are the days when the housewives are too busy and tired to think of anything else.

But the work can be very much lightened, so Margaret Soundstrom says in the Mother's Magazine, if proper thought is given to the kind and number of utensils used.

In selecting these utensils one must remember that all fruits contain acids, that their flavor is very much impaired if they are cooked in kettles made of materials which are affected by the fruit acids. The best ware for this purpose is enamel or granite. But before using a kettle of this sort examine it to see whether any of the enamel is broken. If it is the kettle should not be used. Fruits cooked in a deep granite preserving kettle retain their flavor and with careful watching will not lose their shape.

A simple outfit for canning which will be found to meet all requirements is as follows:

1. Deep granite preserving kettle with handle and lid.
2. Medium size enameled colander.
3. Medium size sieve.
4. An enamel ware skimmer.
5. An enamel ware funnel.
6. Kitchen scales.
7. Two wooden spoons, one large and one small.
8. Two silver spoons, one small and one large.
9. A silver knife.
10. Deep porcelain bowl.
11. A strawberry huller.
12. A pair of scissors.
13. Cheesecloth for straining.
14. Glass jars and jelly glasses.
15. Plenty of old newspapers.

This is not a costly outfit. An inexpensive pair of steel scissors may be used for cutting out stems and hard knots that the silver knife cannot manage. The strawberry huller can be used on all berries. It nips out the hull without pulling at the berry. Kitchen scales are a necessity. Without them really successful canning is an impossibility.

Wooden spoons for stirring the fruit are both a necessity and a convenience. If boiling fruit is stirred with a silver handle it becomes so heated it can hardly be held, while with wood this does not happen. Wooden spoons also have nice long handles which go far down into the kettle.

The deep porcelain bowl can be the same one that is used for mixing cake. It may hold the water into which the freshly peeled fruit is dipped before putting it into the preserving kettle. The use of old newspapers in covering table tops or when fruit is being pared cannot be overestimated. They save the table and sink boards from getting stained, and parings can be neatly gathered up and thrown away. The kind of jars that are best for all purposes are those having glass covers and fastening with a spring. The wider they are at the mouth, the better for putting in large fruit and for use in the average size family pint jars are more satisfactory than the larger ones.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

WANTS FARMERS' LETTERS

We people out here in Huddleston, Va., who take your paper are almost all farmers and we are organizing farmers' unions all through this country. We raise wheat, corn, oats and tobacco. Our heaviest crop is tobacco, and we do not get a satisfactory price for it. So we are organizing to try to better our conditions and we think it has already had some effect. We expect to cut out some of the tobacco crop and raise more tomatoes for canning purposes. I would be glad to hear from farmers of other states on the subject of crops and farmers' unions. Can't our editor in some section of the paper say something of the subject of tobacco that would benefit us? We would be glad to hear anything on the subject.—J. A. Burnett, Va.

A HUCKLEBERRY HUNT

We crossed the plains in 1864 and returned in 1868. In the early 60s in eastern Oregon, fruit was very scarce. Farmers were just beginning to set out orchards. The tame varieties had not yet been cultivated. Canned and dried fruits could be had at the stores. In the way of wild fruits there were none excepting huckleberries and gooseberries. I did not see an apple during our four years' stay. How much did we wish for even the despised crab apples. Tomatoes and the ground cherry had to take their place. You may imagine the writer viewed with delight the collection of apples from Oregon displayed at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 by Dr. Lewis. It certainly was fine. Fruit was scarce, but wild flowers were plentiful. They were to be found everywhere, in the crevices of the rocks, growing in the scantiest bit of soil and again peeping up by banks of snow far above the timber line or on the banks of foamy waved brooks. I will now try to tell you of one or two huckleberry hunts. the huckleberry of Oregon is far better than those grown in the southern states. I had often heard of huckleberries but had never seen the fruit growing and was anxious to climb the Blue Mountains in search of them. So one bright morning we found ourselves on the road to the hills, but we were out of luck as the crop was short that season and several had been there ahead of us. We returned in the evening with only enough berries for two pies. The next season huckleberries were more plentiful, and oh, so delicious and nearly everyone had been out and had fared so well that my neighbor and I though we must try our luck. We saddled up a couple of cayuses and with her little boy and my little girl, our baskets well filled with dinner we followed the trail leading up above the De Moss sawmill until we found a good patch, where we alighted, picked what berries we wanted and spread out our lunch. We were enjoying ourselves at our meal, at the same time admiring the grandeur of the surroundings when my neighbor exclaimed, "Oh, Lida! A bear!" And sure enough, the grizzly was only about 30 yards from us walking leisurely along. Luckily our horses were in the opposite direction. In less time than it takes me to tell you we gathered up the children and ran to our ponies and mounting were soon galloping down grade, happy in the through that Bruin was not a swift bird, and gladly leaving berries dinner and bear behind us. Thus ended my huckleberry hunting as I had no inclination to go again. In Iowa we have plenty of wild nuts, such as walnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts and butternuts. In eastern Oregon we found none.—Mrs. E. J. M., of Iowa.

A YOUNG MINER

Dear Blade Readers—I live on a farm in West Virginia, near the mining camps. Sometimes in the winter I work in the coal mines as it is warm and pleasant. I have been three miles under the ground. It is very interesting to anyone who has never been in the mines. You will see almost every nationality on the globe at work in the mines and coal fields. And as a rule they are very rough people. The mines are dangerous. Almost every day you hear of someone getting killed or hurt in them. The first time I was ever in the mines it scared me almost to death, but I soon got accustomed to them, and like working in them very well. I spent most of last summer up at Battle Creek, Michigan, and I like the north much better than I thought I would. I stopped over one night in Toledo, Ohio, and I saw the building of The Toledo Blade, but I did not get time to visit it as I was with an uncle who was seriously sick and on his way to Battle Creek. From a southern friend.—B. B. D., of Virginia.

SHORT AND SWEET

Here is a little 12-year-old girl with a hobby. "My hobby, if that means the thing you like best, is carrying water to the field for papa while he is at work. Now that school is over I get so lonesome." She is Vallie Phillips, Route 2, Lascassas, Tenn. She would like a shower of postcards on her birthday, September 10. Make a note of it, little readers.

"I have attended school 25 months, in which time I have walked 1,000 miles. I am a member of the M. E. Church in which we have a boy preacher. We all like him very much," writes Mary Eleanor McRae, of Indiana.

"Some of the children here went after flowers, and covered boxes with pretty paper and on May night's eve hung them on the doors of old people who could not get out into the fields." Minnie LaVoy, who lives in Elm Hall, Mich., writes this. She would like to hear from the boys and girls and if any of you live where arbutus grows she would be very grateful if you sent her a wee box of them.

Maud Estelle Lowder, of Illinois, I was glad to read your letter. Don't be discouraged but try often and some day a letter will be very good and we will use it.

Esther Chamberlain, Campbellsburg, Ind., Box 82, wants to join our post card exchange

Here's an entire letter that was decidedly short: "I went to a basketball game last night between Lovell Live Wires and a team at Burlington, Wyoming. It was very interesting until one boy met with a very painful accident, falling and breaking his wrist. So they had to put in another boy. The score was 12 to 22 in favor of the Live Wires.—Boy of Ten, G. H. Steele, Lovell, Wyoming."

Palms in California

These palms are known as the Royal Fan palms, and grow to great heights.

OUR COOK BOOK

Bread Pudding.

One pint of bread crumbs, and pour over this one quart of boiling milk, and butter the size of an egg. Cover tight and let stand until cold. Then beat fine, add one teaspoon of nutmeg, one of cinnamon, one-half cup of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Four eggs beaten light. Add last and bake for three-quarters of an hour.—Soldier's Daughter.

Marshmallows.

Dissolve half a pound of clear-white gum arabic in one pint of water. This may take all day or all night. Strain and add half a pound of sugar. Place over the fire and stir constantly until the mixture is of honey-like consistency. As there is a great tendency to burn, keep the pan tipping from side to side as you stir, never relaxing vigilance. Some cooks use a double boiler to prevent this mishap, but it is better to cook rapidly. Now add the whites of four eggs, previously beaten and stir as before over fire for six or seven minutes, being careful not to let burn. Test it by pouring a teaspoon of the mixture on a plate dusted with cornstarch. If in a moment it seems firm, yet tender, it is done. This hot mixture should be thin and not adhesive. Flavor with rose or vanilla and pour into square pans dusted over with cornstarch.

The paste should be about three-quarters of an inch thick. Set on ice to chill and when cold cut into squares with a knife which has been dipped in cornstarch.—Imogene Furflinger, Indiana.

Ripe Tomato Soy.

One peck of tomatoes peeled and sliced, eight onions sliced thin, one cup salt. Let them stand for twenty-four hours. Drain off all liquor and add two quarts of vinegar, one tablespoon each of ground mustard, ginger, cloves and allspice and one-half tablespoon of cayenne pepper. Stew slowly two or three hours and when nearly done add two pounds of sugar and one-fourth of a pound of white mustard seed.—C. S., N. Y.

Black Chocolate Cake.

One cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one-half of a cup of sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, two cups of flour. Stir all together. For the icing take the yolk of one egg, one-half cup of cold water, one-half cup of sugar, one-third of a cake of chocolate. Vanilla flavoring and boil until it thickens.

Prize Layer Chocolate Cake.

Three cups of flour, three eggs, two scant cups of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter and one scant teaspoon of salt. Two heaping teaspoons of baking powder. Beat sugar and butter together with a spoon till creamy, add eggs and beat well. Stir in the milk. Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Sift into the above. Mix whole thoroughly. Bake in thin layers in a fairly quick oven. For the filling beat stiff the whites of one large egg, and add slowly three cups of powdered sugar, four heaping tablespoons of cocoa. Mix well, adding milk or cream enough to make filling spread easily if desired. Mix in a teaspoon of vanilla. No heat required. For the icing break up one square of chocolate and melt slowly over hot water. Add two tablespoons each of milk and granulated sugar. Stir until smooth. Pour over cake and let cool.—Mrs. E. Scott.

Bohemian Peach Cream.

Crush a pint of fresh sliced peaches. Add to it one cup of powdered sugar and the juice of one lemon. Dissolve one and one-half ounces of isinglass in one-half pint of water. Mix together well and set the vessel upon ice still stirring it until it begins to set. Whip nearly one pint of cream to a stiff froth and stir into the peaches. Fill the mold and let it remain on the ice until time to serve when plunge into cold water for an instant; wipe the mold dry and turn the cream into a dish, ready to serve.

Caramel Sauce for Ice Cream.

One and one-half cups of brown sugar, three large tablespoons of butter. Place on the back of the stove and allow to melt together, then add one-half cup of cream, vanilla flavoring and allow all to boil until it bubbles together for five minutes. Put very little vanilla into the ice cream. Boil five minutes before serving or it will candy and not pour.

Walnut Wafers.

One-half pound of brown sugar, one-half pound of walnuts chopped fine, two tablespoons of flour, two eggs, one teaspoon of vanilla. Drop in buttered pans, far apart, and bake brown, in the oven.

Soft Jumbles or Cookies

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, six eggs, a little salt and nutmeg to taste.

Sponge Cake.

One pound of sugar, one-half pound of flour, the whites of 12 eggs, the yolks of four, the juice of one lemon. Beat very lightly and bake quickly.

Spiced Currants.

Two pounds of currants, three-fourths of a pound of brown sugar, a teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice and one pint of vinegar. Stew about one-half hour and bottle in small jars.

Taffy.

One-half pound of chocolate grated fine, two cups of sugar, two cups of molasses, one-half cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil for 20 minutes and add vanilla extract and permit to boil up once. Pour in shallow pans, crease in squares just before it is cold.

Imperial Cake.

One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of flour, one-half pound of blanched almonds, one-half pound of thinly sliced citron, one-half pound of seeded raisins, five eggs, one-half wineglass of sherry, one teaspoon of nutmeg. Frost when cold.

Pineapple Jelly Dessert.

Dissolve two heaping tablespoons of pulverized gelatine in one-half cup of boiling water, one cup and one-half of sugar, one cup of pineapple chopped fine and the juice of one lemon.

Lemon Filling.

One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar and the yolk of three eggs. Juice and grated rind of two lemons. Mix altogether and cook until like honey.

A Full Report.

One day an 8-year-old girl who had been taught to report her misdeeds promptly, sought her mother with an aspect of grief denoting great penitence, says Lippincott's.

"I broke a brick in the fireplace," the youngster explained between sobs.

"Well, that isn't beyond remedy," smiled the parent, "but how on earth did you break it?"

"I was pounding it with father's watch."

The Tender Spot.

Washington Star.

"What have you done toward punishing lawbreakers?"

"Well," replied the shady police officer, "I have done a great deal toward hurting their feelings by taking their money away from them."

Royal Mother and Child

One of the loveliest mothers of royalty is Crown Princess Margaret of Sweden. Princess Margaret is a daughter of the Duke of Connaught, present Governor General of Canada, and a sister of Princess Pat, whose recent visit to the United States was a widely heralded event. The child in her arms is the youngest of Princess Margaret's children.

MERRY - GO - ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.:. Mental, moral and social improvement.

LOVE OF BEAUTY

Here I am, a school teacher of 24 winters, or shall I say summers? I have been teaching for four years and I enjoy the work. While of a serious nature I am trying to cultivate the habit of being cheerful. I believe in scattering sunshine and loving people under any and all conditions as our Saviour taught us to. I suppose my hobby is loving nature. Every bit of cloud, or anything in nature interests me. When I look at a beautiful sunset I feel as if God was opening the gates of heaven for someone to enter. I live in the hills of East Tennessee and like them very much. I do not think we need to go west to find beautiful scenery for we have it at home. I shall enter a normal school at Johnson City, Tenn., soon and I am longing for the time to roll around.—Larrie of Tenn.

That is a beautiful thought that you have and the mind that could find such symbolism in what is to other minds such a simple thing as a sunset is very much worth knowing about. There are certain rare souls on this earth whose love of beauty is a positive gift. I once knew a man who suffered " the slings of outrageous fortune" all of his life, and the most utterly bitter slings that could be devised. He once said to me, "I have suffered greatly, but there is one thing that I have kept through it all, and that nothing but death can rob me of, and that is the beauty that is in this world free for anyone who has eyes to see." To that man the grayish shine of a field of cabbages in the sun, the light upon the back of a glossy blackbird, the sound of music on a dark street, the sound of laughter, were riches that he would have traded any other fortune for. It is a great gift and to you who seem to have so much of it I say very sincerely, cultivate it and enjoy it. It will enrich your whole life.—The Editor.

FROM A PATIENT SHUT-IN

Dear People—Will you permit my coming in for a little while? I'm a "shut-in," and have been sick over 20 years with my heart and lungs. I have suffered more than I can hope to put into words and more than I have the right to burden you with. If this be my special cross I want to bear it all in a Christ-like spirit, remembering how Jesus suffered for me, and I don't think Christians should complain. But only God can know how awfully I suffer every second of my time. My mother, too, is an invalid. She has been sick for 19 years. My dear father died last November. Oh, how I miss him. We were so much to each other. Father was a Union soldier and a first cousin to the great Stonewall Jackson. So being a soldier's daughter and a soldier myself for God I try to bear all patiently and be sunny and cheerful. I'm often asked how I can be so cheerful and suffer so. Well, I'd be a poor Christian example if I couldn't bear my cross bravely, and I've much to be thankful for. I have the dearest family on earth. I can hear well, I can read books by the hour with the help of my book rest which the Sunshine society gave me and that is such a blessing, for reading helps me bear my suffering so much, and while I can't afford to buy books Sunshine friends send them to me. So you see I've much to be thankful for. I'm always "counting my blessings." My mail is another great pleasure I have to look forward to. So I hope you all will give me a real party. But I'm not able to write for writing makes me suffer so awfully. I enjoy historical postals very much. I like those of the civil war best and monuments of the great men of our country, yet I enjoy anything with a history. I hope those who can will send me a card. God bless you all. Hoping to hear from you I am your shut-in friend—Myrtle Jackson, Route 2, Box 28, Hall, W. Va.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN"

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you consent to a suffragette taking a ride? I am "in" for woman suffrage and take a great interest in politics, and the candidates for President; also am a booster for Colonel Roosevelt, and am convinced that if justice had been given him at the Chicago convention he would have been nominated. I have heard men say that Roosevelt was too much in favor of setting difficulties with other nations by war. How else can they be settled? I honestly believe that the United States, as a general thing, was on better terms with other nations during Roosevelt's term than any other term in history.

I guess I have swerved a little from the subject I started with, but to come back to it, why shouldn't a woman have right to vote? "The polls are no fit place for a woman," is one of their main reasons. "Well, all I have to say to that is, no man should go any place that his wife could not accompany him. Again, they will say, woman can't understand politics, she has no insight, she is easily influenced, which is all nonsense. I'll admit it is the case with some women, but must all be condemned on account of a few? Even if it is the case with some women, are all men perfect. A thousand times no. There are thousands of men voting that are in no ways fit to cast the ballot. I cannot see why it is that any foreigner can come to the United States, stay a certain length of time and get their vote. Are they better or more intelligent than an American woman? Oh, I've forgotten myself, and look how much I have written. Let us hear more on the suffrage questions.—A Republican from Ohio.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Friend You All Know!

Dear Blade Girls—I received your letters and postals on my birthday and thank you very much. I will try to answer them before long. Now I am going to give you some riddles to guess and I will give the one who guesses the most of them right a present. I don't say it will be grand. I must receive all letters just as soon as possible.

1. Who is a public singer?
2. Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess went over to seek a bird's nest. How many were there?
3. If a herring and a half costs a penny and a half, how much would eleven cost?
4. If a hen should give you a compliment why would you take it as an insult?
5. Black and white and red all over?
6. What is brought on the table, always cut and never eaten?
7. A duck before two ducks and a duck behind two ducks. How many ducks were there?
8. What is it that goes around the room and around the room but stands in the corner?
9. Upon the hill there is a mill and by the mill there is a walk and under the walk there is a key. What is it?
10. First on four legs, next on two and then on three.
11. What is it that has a face and two hands but never washes?
12. What is it that has two legs and a head and does its work on Monday and lays away for the rest of the week?
13. As I was going up London Bridge I met my sister Mary. I chopped her head off and sucked her blood and left her body standing. What was it?
14. Who won the first race in the world?

Answer as many as you can.—Beatrice E. Post, R. F. D. 3, Newburgh, N. Y.

Beatrice said that she must receive her answers before July 13, but her letter was delayed and I am publishing it simply because the riddles are so good and with the hope that she may have left some way of having her mail forwarded.—The Editor.

"I live with my grandfather and grandmother in the winter till school is out in June. Then I go to the farm and stay with my father and mother all summer till school begins again," writes Mildred Genevieve Smith, of New York. Which place do you like best? Write us a letter about the things you do in the different places.

Children, please loan me your ears for a few moments. I want you all to remember that I enjoy reading all the letters I get from you, but I print the letters that are the best out of those I read. Be patient and some day your letters will be the best. Remember, too, that you must sign your real names if you want your letters used. The names will not be published if you do not wish them, but I must know them. Please try and remember this. And write me many letters.—The Editor.

"Mama reads the Cozy Corner first, papa the Poet's Corner, and we children look for the Children's letters first," says Ruth Mildred Winner, of Ohio. In this case it seems to be something for all the family.

EDITOR'S LETTER

"Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve,
The things thou lovest though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee."

I am going to take this verse by Kenyon Cox as the text of my letter to the Peace Page people. Two-thirds of our lives will be devoted to work. We give a little time to love, an hour or so to play and some few hours to the blessed oblivion of sleep. But two-thirds of our time we give unquestioningly to labor of one sort or another. Some of us paint pictures, some of us write books; others tend garden and some "mind the sheep." But all of us work.

But there are as many varieties of work as there are human souls working. The man who works with the hope of applause for his work will find himself descending to cheap tricks to win that applause. And not only will this trickery lower his work but it will lower himself. He will miss his goal.

And the man who finds the reward of his labors in the dollar with which he is paid will find himself losing all but that grasping sense of desire for the money.

But the man who works with a keen love of his work will find himself constantly broadening. Every day of his work opens new vistas before his eyes. In the desire to improve his work he improves himself. By loving our work we lay the cornerstone not only of success but of character.

I wish I could make you all realize the deep truth of this thing, you are attempting to find yourselves in your work and you who have children to bring up and who are trying to settle their careers for them. Take the Kenyon Cox verse as your motto.

I received a letter the other day from a young man who is teaching school, which illustrates my point. He says, "I have been teaching school for three years and I think it is a noble profession for a young man starting in life." That is a mark of success for that man's future, to me. He says that he would like to hear more from the man who had taught school for 21 years about himself and his teaching. I pass along the request.

Tell me more of your ambitions and your hopes. And remember that I stand always ready to criticize and help you when you feel that you want either my criticism or my help. Do not be afraid to write me.—Editor.

Write again, Sarah Kessel! I enjoyed your letter and I should like to meet you and shake hands with you. Don't forget to write me.

Miss Waterman of Ohio, here is an item of appreciation which I am going to pass along to you: "The letter written by Miss L. C. Waterman some time ago was very good as there was so much history in it." This comes from Ruby Lee, of California. Ruby Lee, I wish you would write me what I call a "picture letter." Tell me in your own fresh, bright words about the beauties of your state. From the little you did write I gained the idea that descriptive writing is your forte. Won't you try it?

Send me a picture of the little blue-eyed girl, Mrs. Dils, won't you? I'd like to publish it.

POET'S CORNER

HOW BETSY AND I MADE UP

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how
do you do today?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you
want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it
an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was
just the making of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I
was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what
I was goin' to do;
And if my horses hadn't been the
steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for
I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy
load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of
our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way
and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that
just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper,
and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it vore the
more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that
I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept
risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where
Betsey was good and kind.
And these things flashed all through
me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness,
and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to
take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow
I do not often turn back;
And 'taint no uncommon thing now for
couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and
vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight 'o the house 't
was some'at in the night,
And just as I turned the hill-top I see
the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a
hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much
that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house, the
table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever
want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down in
my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which
somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look
about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket
like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little
with a cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper,
a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper, I
drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for
she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little turne,
but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey, she got her specs from
off the mantle shelf,
And read the article over quite softly
to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her
eyes is getting old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little, she gave
my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was
'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went
for me, her face a streamin' with
tears,
And kissed me for the first time in
over twenty years!

I don't know what you think, sir—
I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and
stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet
alongside of the cow.
And we struck an agreement never to
have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't
speak cross nor rash
If half the crockery in the house was
broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven,
we'd try to learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment
and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters
of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other
until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her
away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted
her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took
pains to call on us,
Her lamps all trimmed and burnin' to
kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and
openin' up old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed
her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's
been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and
know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just
meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up
considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir,
a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good
to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so
that you can see
That that there written agreement of
yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer;
don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I
have got the checks.
I'm richer than a national bank, with
all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's
worth her weight in gold.

BETSY DESTROYS THE PAPER

I've brought back the paper, lawyer,
and fetched the parson here
To see that things are regular and
settled fair and clear.
For I've been talking with Caleb and
Caleb has with me,
And the mount of it is we've minded
to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business—only
a word to say—
Caleb is staking pea vines and could
not come today,
Just to tell you and parson how that
we've changed our mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you
see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready I'll walk
with him toward home;
I want to thank him for something,
'twas kind of him to come.
He showed a Christian spirit—stood
by us firm and true;
We mightened have changed our
mind, Squire, if he'd been a lawyer, too.

There—how good the sun feels, and
the grass and blowing trees!
Something about them lawyers makes
me feel fit to freeze.
I wasn't bound to state particular to
that man,
But it's right you should know, parson, about our change of plan.

We've been some days a-waverin' a
little, Caleb and me
And wished the hateful paper at the
bottom of the sea.
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening and the few words you
said
That thawed the ice between us and
brought things to a head.

You see, when we came to division
there were things that wouldn't
divide;
There was our twelve-year-old ba
she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but
kept whisperin' low
"I'll stay with papa and mama
where they go I'll go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible
died on our wedding day
We couldn't halve that old Bible,
should it go or stay?
The sheets that were Caleb's mother
her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in
Tryphena and Eunice and Pa

Still we went on talkin'; I agreed
knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts
a pair of Wa'mus frocks.
And he was to cut a door-way fr
the kitchen to the shed.
"Save you climbing steps much
frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last, I
a-sinkin' and he
Looked as he did with the ague in
spring of sixty-three.
"Twas then you dropped in, par
'twasn't much that was said
"Little children, love one another,"
the thing was killed stone de

I should like to make a confessio
not that I'm goin' to say
The fault was all on my side, th
never was my way—
But it may be true that women—o
how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than m
know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors meddl
it wasn't pourin' oil;
And the church a-laborin' with
'twas worse than wasted toil.
And I've thought, and so has Cal
though maybe we are wrong,
If they'd kept to their business
should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a go
man, as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' exc
with scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach ti
from the Wilbur neighborhoo
"Season of prayer" they called i
didn't do an atom of good.

Then there are p'ints of doctrine a
views of a future state
I'm willin' to stop discussin'; we ca
both afford to wait;
'Twon't bring the millinium soon
disputin' about when it's due,
Although I feel an assurance th
mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bib
I've learned to think don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle
prove our doctrines by,
But them that come to us in sorrow
and when we're on our knees,
So if Caleb won't agree on free wi
I'll leave alone decrees.

And there's the request he made, yo
know it, parson, about
Being laid under the maples that h
own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when m
turn comes to go;
As if—as—don't mind me, but 'tw
that unstrung me so.

And now that some scales as we thi
have fallen from our eyes
And things brought so to a crisis ha
made us both more wise,
Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till th
Lord parts him and me,
We'll love each other better and t
our best to agree.

TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE

When I was but a child, how well I
recollect
How I would grieve my mother wi
my folly and neglect.
And now that she has gone to heave
I miss her tender care;
O, Angels, tell my mother I'll be there

CHORUS.

Tell mother I'll be there,
In answer to her prayer,
This message guardian angels to he
bear;
Tell mother I'll be there,
Heav'n's joys with her to share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll b
there.

Though I was often wayward sh
was always kind and good;
So patient, gentle, loving when I act
rough and rude.
My childhood griefs and trials sh
would gladly with me share,
O, Angels, tell my mother I'll be there

When I became a prodigal and left th
roof-tree
She almost broke her loving heart i
mourning over me.
And day and night she prayed to Go
to keep me in His care.
O, Angels, tell my mother I'll be there

One day a message came to me, t
it bade me quickly come
If I would see my mother ere the an
gels took her home.
I promised her before she died fo
heaven to prepare.
O, Angels, tell my mother I'll be there

DANGER PERIOD OF WOMANS' LIFE FROM 45 to 50

Interesting Experience of Two Women—Their Statements Worth Reading.

Asheville, N.C.—"I suffered for years with female trouble while going through the Change of Life. I tried a local physician for a couple of years without any substantial benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I quit my physician and commenced using it with the happiest results. I am today practically a well woman and anxious to contribute my mite towards inducing others to try you. great medicine, as I am fully persuaded that it will cure the ailments from which I suffered if given a fair chance.

"If you think this letter will contribute anything towards further introducing your medicines to afflicted women who are passing through this trying period, it is with great pleasure I consent to its publication."—Mrs. JULIA A. MOORE, 17 East St., Asheville, N. C.

The Case of Mrs. Kirlin.

Circleville, Ohio.—"I can truthfully say that I never had anything do me so much good during Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Before I had taken one half a bottle of it I began to feel better, and I have continued taking it. My health is better than it has been for several years. If all women would take it they would escape untold pain and misery at this time of life."—Mrs. ALICE KIRLIN, 358 W. Mill St., Circleville, Ohio.

The Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. At such times women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

OW SHERMAN MAY WIN PRESIDENCY

ght Between Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson Might ead Him to White House

he possibility, set forth when the party was formed in Chicago, the three-cornered fight might end anding neither Taft, Wilson, nor sevelt in the White House, but inmight result in making Vice sident Sherman the next President he United States, is dealt with at th by Col. George Harvey in a ing article printed in the current e of the North American Review. says:

he nominal candidates for Presi- of the United States are Woodrow son, William H. Taft and Theodore sevelt; the real candidates are drow Wilson and James S. Sher- with a remote possibility of lander C. Knox becoming acting sident pending a new election in

Wilson Against Field.

l Harvey finds that the National eat has already narrowed down to son against the field. Gov. Wilson, declares, is virtually assured of a rality. The vexing question is ether his defeat is to be accomshed by withholding from him an al majority over all in the Elec- l college, thus throwing the elec- into the House of Representatives. Harvey takes it for granted, after analysis of the situation, that her Taft nor Roosevelt can win. he deals with the situation that ld arise if Congress became the ter of the presidential election. He

case Wilson should not obtain a rity over both Taft and Roosevelt, House of Representatives would be d upon to elect a president on the nd Wednesday of February. Each e would have one vote, and the re- would be: For Wilson 22; opposi- 22; divided, 4—Maine, Nebraska, Mexico, and Rhode Island. Nec- ry to choice, 25. Only Taft, Roose- and Wilson could be voted for. iously neither Taft nor Roosevelt ld have a chance. Wilson would re to win over three non-Demo- tic states—a virtual impossibility. House of Representatives, there- would be unable to elect a presi- t. The editor continues:

Action by Senate.

eanwhile, the senate, acting under same provision of this Constitu- would be engaged in choosing a president, since Marshall necessa- would have failed to have ob- a majority in the electoral col- lege, in common with Wilson. Choice would be restricted to the two persons who had received the largest number of electoral votes—Marshall surely and Sherman probably—and the senators would vote individually instead of by states, as in the house of representatives. Forty-nine votes would be required to elect. The senate is now classified practically as follows: Republican, 50; Democratic, 44; vacancies, 2. The vacancies will be filled presumably by the legislatures of Colorado and Illinois in January. Apparently, therefore, the Republicans would have surely one possibly three more than forty-nine required for the election of Vice President, who would become President on the 4th of March. This seems to mean that, in the event of Wilson failing to obtain 266 electoral votes, Sherman would succeed Taft.

But here enters another factor. The Republican majority in the senate is not only scant, but also nominal rather than actual. Promising that both Illinois and Colorado return Republicans, the total Republican vote would be 52. If for any reason four of these senators should abstain from voting, the senate would be unable to elect a vice president. Now, it is quite conceivable that Roosevelt might consider it advisable to prevent the election of Sherman. If so, it would be most surprising if four out of the so-called insurgent senators — Dixon, Clapp, Bourne, Works, Borah, Poindexter and the two new senators from Colorado and Illinois—should refuse to eat in conformity with his wishes, especially in view of the position which Sherman holds in their estimation as a pronounced reactionary. Precedent for their refraining from voting is found in the abstention of the Vermont and Maryland Federalist members of the house, whose refusal to vote gave the presidency to Jefferson in 1800.

Knox Acting President.

Failure on the part of the United States senate to elect Mr. Sherman would make Secretary of State Philander C. Knox acting President of the United States until such time as congress could convene and issue a call for a new presidential election. Col. Harvey assumes that the date of such an extraordinary election would be not later than November, 1913. He finds, also, that it might well be worth the while of Col. Roosevelt and his Progressives to create such a situation. It would give them a second opportunity to win the presidency within a twelvemonth. Should Roosevelt and Johnson run second, the senate would be restricted in its vote to Marshall and Johnson. Col. Harvey says that what Roosevelt's attitude would be in that circumstance can only be imagined, but he holds out the assurance that four Republican senators, acting jointly to refrain from voting, could swing the balance in favor of Secretary Knox.

In weighing the possibility of Wilson and Marshall being short of a majority in the Electoral College, Col. Harvey arrives at the conclusion that New York and Illinois will be pivotal States. In these States, Col. Harvey declares, voting by segregated groups is more pronounced than anywhere else, and he finds that Wilson's broad appeal to the whole people, with no heed to segregated interests or prejudices, contains an element of weakness for all its logical strength. Contrary to the general belief, the candidacy of Col. Roosevelt is pronounced by Col. Harvey as harmful rather than helpful to Wilson, chiefly because he will get the Far Western States which otherwise would have gone to Wilson. Col. Harvey continues:

There remains the great bodies of workingmen in both New York and Illinois who comprise a large percentage of the Democratic Party. To whom will they turn? Mr. Taft offers them the Constitution. Mr. Wilson points to his record of official achievements as evidence of his effective friendship. Neither, it must be told in truth, said in his speech of acceptance one convincing word of sympathy with the toiling masses. Roosevelt not only professes, but promises everything. He will work to raise their wages; he will reduce their hours of toil; he will pension them in old age; he will insure their lives; he will lift the burdens and lighten the homes of their women; he will protect and safeguard their children.

Do these millions of men believe he can or will do all of these things? Probably not. But he says that he will try. Does any one else. Where else have they to go? And why believe that he could not and would not? If Lloyd-George can and does, why cannot and why will not Roosevelt? Grant that he may be a demagogue, a hypocrite, and a false friend, what of it? He is at least a concrete image; he speaks their language; he shakes their hands; he is neither a theory of government for which they do not care nor an abstraction which they do not wish to comprehend; he is one of themselves—a live, human, imperfect being whom they can understand. Such is the Roosevelt appeal.

"Wilson will probably be elected," says Col. Harvey in conclusion. "If he carries New York he cannot be beaten. Neither Taft nor Roosevelt can win. A vote for Taft is a vote for Sherman. A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for Sherman. A vote for Wilson is a vote for Wilson."

MRS. H. H. ROGERS DIES IN CAR

Widow of Late Vice President of Standard Oil Dead.

New York, August 30.—Mrs. Henry H. Rogers, wife of the late vice president of the Standard Oil Co., died suddenly today in a dining car in the Grand Central station, at the conclusion of a journey from Bretton Woods, N. H., to her home here.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF FARM CROPS IN THE UNITED STATES

The total value of the crops of Continental United States in 1909 was, in round numbers, $5,487,000,000, as compared with $2,999,000,000 in 1899. The increase was thus $2,488,000,000, or 83 per cent, according to a statement issued today by E. Dana Durand, director of the Bureau of Census, Department of Commerce and Labor.

In the case of some crops (such as maple sugar and syrup and forest products of farms) it is impossible to secure a usable figure showing acreage; in certain other cases (such as orchard fruits, grapes, tropical fruits and nuts) the number of trees and vines of bearing and not of bearing age is secured in lieu of acreage. The value of crops for which reports of acreage were secured amounted in 1909 to $4,953,000,000, or nearly nine-tenths of the value of all crops. At the census of 1900 the corresponding value was $2,721,000,000, or about the same per cent of the value of all crops. The total acreage of crops with acreage reports in 1909 was 311,293,000. In April, 1910, the land in farms in the United States was reported by the census as $78,798,000 acres, of which 478,452,000 acres were improved. The crops with acreage reports, therefore, occupied 35.4 per cent of the total land in farms and 65.1 per cent of the total improved land. The same crops in 1899 occupied 283,218,000 acres, which was 33.8 per cent of all land in farms and 68.3 per cent of the improved land. While the total acreage of farms increased 4.8 per cent, the acreage in these crops increased 9.9 per cent between 1899 and 1909.

The Per Capita Value.

The total value of crops in 1909 was equal to $59.66 per capita of the population of the United States, while the value per capita in 1899 was $39.46 (based on the population of the United States on April 15, 1910, and June 1, 1900, respectively.) There were 6,361,502 farms in the United States in 1910, so that the value of crops of 1909 was equal to an average of $863 per farm, while the average value of crops per farm for 1899 was $523.

The census has made no attempt to ascertain the total net value of farm products for 1909, including both that of crops and animal products. Merely to add the value of these two groups of products together would involve extensive duplication, since large quantities of the crops reported are fed to the animals on the farms and reported later as live stock products. It is impossible to ascertain accurately the amount of such duplication, and the attempt to do so, which was made by the twelfth census, was not considered satisfactory. For this reason the relative importance of crops as a factor in the agricultural production of the United States can not be determined precisely.

Increase in Prices.

A large part of the extraordinary increase in the total value of farm crops between 1899 and 1909 is attributable to higher prices. This might be inferred from the fact that, while the acreage of crops with acreage reports increased only 9.9 per cent, the value of such crops increased 82 per cent. It also appears by comparing the percentages of increase in the quantity of the various individual crops with the percentages of increase in the value. Thus, for all cereals taken together, the production increased only 1.7 per cent, while the value increased 79.8 per cent; for hay and forage the production increased 23 per cent and the value 70.2 per cent; and for cotton (not counting cotton seed the production increased 11.7 per cent and the value 117.3 per cent.

The total reported value of the crops covered by the computation in 1899 was $2,691,979,000, and the total reported value of the same crops in 1909 was $4,934,490,000, an increase of 83.3 per cent. Had the prices of 1899 prevailed, however, the value of these crops in 1909 would have amounted to $2,962,358,000, or an increase of only 10 per cent over 1899. The difference between $2,962,358,000 and $4,934,490,000 or $1,972,132,000, represents the amount added to the value of these crops in 1909 by reason of increase in prices over those of 1899, the average percentage of increase in prices being thus 66.6.

Crop Production and Population.

The figure just given, 10 per cent, as representing the excess of the value of the crops of 1909, on the basis of 1899 values, over the values of the same crops in 1899, is virtually a consolidated expression of the general increase in the quantity of crops produced. Covering, as it does, nine-tenths of the crops of the country, it may properly be compared with the increase of 21 per cent in the population of the United States between 1900 and 1910. An earlier statement showed that the increase in the number of farms from 1900 to 1910 was 10.9 per cent, and the increase in the rural population which includes places under 2,500 in addition to the agricultural population, was 11.2 per cent, the increase in urban population being 34.8 per cent. It is only by reason of a great reduction in the exportation of agricultural products that the increasing consumption of the country has been supplied.

THE MARKETS

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 3.—(Wall Street.)—Copper stocks constituted the feature of greatest interest at the opening of today's stock market. Utah was up a point with a substantial fractional gain in Chino. American Locomotive and Pittsburg C. C. & St. Louis declined a point with less severe losses in Union Pacific and Reading.

Suspension of higher transcontinental freight rates by the interstate commerce commission and last Saturday's unfavorable bank statement were among the several factors of developments offered in explanation of the heaviness which followed the triple holiday in the stock market. Canadian Pacific was weakest of the railways, declining over four points, while Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Reading and a few other active issues yielded a point or over. Coppers and Steel were strong at the outset, but fell back before noon. Bonds were irregular.

Small recoveries followed the termination of the forenoon selling movement, but business dwindled on the rise.

New York Stocks.

New York, Sept. 3, 1912. 1:30 p. m.

Stocks	Cash.	High.	Low.	1:30 p. m.
Atl. Coast Line	144	144	143¾	143¾
Am. Coco. com	45	45¾	44⅞	45
Atchison	108	108¼	108	108¼
Am. Car & F. Co	61⅜	61⅜	61	61
Amaconda	45¼	45½	44¾	44⅞
Amal. Copper	87½	87½	86½	86½
Am. Smelters	85¾	86	85⅛	85¼
Am. Ag. Chem. com.	59¼	59¼	59¼	59¼
Am. Tel. & Tel	144¾	144¾	144	144¾
Am. Tobacco	261½	262	260½	262
Am. Cotton Oil	54¾	54¾	54¾	54¾
Am. Beet Sugar	75	75¾	74¾	74¾
Biscuit com.	140	140	140	140
Balt. & Ohio	107½	107¾	107	107
B'lyn R. Trans.	91	91⅝	91	91⅝
Beth. Steel com.	40	40	40	40
Chicago G. W.	19¾	19¾	18⅝	18⅝
Chicago G. W. pfd.	35	35	35	35
Canadian Pac.	274¼	274⅝	271¼	272½
Colorado Fuel	33⅝	33⅝	32⅜	32⅝
Ches. & Ohio	82¼	82	81⅜	81⅜
Consolidated Gas	144¾	144¾	143½	143½
Can common	39½	39½	39	39¼
Can pfd.	118½	118½	117½	117⅝
Chino Copper	40¾	40¾	39¾	40⅛
Corn Product com.	16	16	15⅝	15⅝
Distillers Sec.	34⅝	34⅝	34¼	34¼
Erie com.	36⅝	36⅝	36⅜	36⅜
Erie 1st pfd.	53⅞	53⅞	53⅝	53⅝
Gt. Northern pfd.	139¼	139¼	138	138¼
Gt. Northern Ore	47¼	47¼	47¼	47¼
Int. Harvester com.	121	121	121	121
Interborough com.	19⅞	19⅞	19¾	19⅞
Interborough pfd.	60	60	59	59
Lehigh Valley	169	169	167¾	168⅛
Louis & Nash	164	164	164	164
Mer. Marine pfd.	21	21	20	20
M. N. P.	78¼	78¾	77⅞	78
Missouri Pacific	39¾	39¾	38¾	39
M. K. T.	19⅝	19⅝	14½	14⅝
Miami	29⅝	29⅝	29	29¼
Nor. Pacific	128½	128½	127	127¼
Nevada Con's	22¾	22¾	22½	22½
North Am. Co.	85½	85½	85½	85½
N. Y. Central	115¼	115¼	115¼	115¼
Ont. & Western	37⅞	37⅞	37⅝	37⅝
Penn. Ry.	124⅝	124⅝	124	124
People's Gas Co.	117⅜	117⅜	116⅝	116⅝
Rep. Con.	21¾	21¾	21¾	22
Reading com.	170¼	170¼	169	169¼
Rock Island	26	26	25⅜	25⅜
Rep. I. and S. Co.	27⅜	27⅜	27⅜	27⅜
South. Ry.	30¼	30¼	30¼	30¼
South. Ry. pfd.	81	81	81	81
St. Paul	106⅝	106⅝	106	106⅛
South. Pacific	112⅝	112⅝	111½	111¾
Texas Oil Co.	128¾	128½	127⅝	127⅝
Texas Pacific	23¾	23¾	23½	23½
Tenn. Copper	43	43	42¼	42¾
Union Pacific	171⅜	171⅜	170⅝	170⅞

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 3.—An easier feeling abroad and heavy arrivals in the northwest were the chief causes of lower wheat values early today. There were many selling orders at the outset. While there was some rain in parts of the spring wheat belt, northwest sentiment appeared bearish. Opening unchanged at $1.09, Toledo cash dropped 1¼c before 10 a. m. Dec. and May lost about ⅝c on the call.

The market was weak all day and closed at about the low points. Cash finished 1⅝c off at $1.07⅝.

Weather has done much to advance corn in the last few days. Some samples from Hancock county today showed the ears well dented and the grain almost ripe. In the first hour, the local market lost about ½c.

The two far months closed about ¼c lower, cash and September showing no changes.

Oats fell with the other grains, but braced somewhat before the middle of the session. Showers in the local territory will cause more trouble where the grain is still unprotected.

Not much change developed in clover seed at the outset. Oct. advanced 5c in the first hour to $10.60 while the other months were about steady.

Excessive rains in Wisconsin was the main cause of a big rise in clover. Cash cloed 75c up at $11.30.

Wheat—Open.	High.	Low.	Sept. 3.	Aug. 31.
Cash	1.00	1.07⅛	1.07⅝	1.09
Sept.	1.07⅝	1.07⅛	1.07⅝	1.09
Dec.	1.10⅝ 1.11	1.10⅛	1.10⅝	1.11⅜
May	1.14⅜ 1.14⅝	1.14	1.14¼	1.15¼
Corn—				
Cash			82½	82½
Sept.	80	79½	80	80
Dec.	56½		56¾	57
May	65¾		66	66⅛
Oats—				
Cash			33½	35¼
Sept.	34⅞		35	35⅞
Dec.	34½ 34⅝		34⅝	34⅝
May	36½		36⅜	36⅝
Clover Seed—				
Cash			11.30	10.85
Oct.	10.55		11.30	10.85
Dec.	10.45		11.05	10.55
March	10.50		12.15	10.50
Rye—				
No. 2			71	71
Alsike—				
Cash			12.15	12.25
Sept.			11.90	11.75
Timothy—				
Prime			2.35	2.50
Sept.			2.30	2.25
Oct.			2.25	2.20
Dec			2.25	2.20
March			2.30	2.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
Sept.	92	92⅜	91¾	92⅝
Dec.	92½	92⅝	92	91
May	96⅜	96⅝	96	97
Corn—				
Sept.	71⅜	72½	71½	72⅝
Dec.	54⅜	54⅝	54⅜	55
May	58⅜	58¾	58¾	59
Oats—				
Sept.	31⅜	31⅜	31⅜	31⅜
Dec.	32¼	32	32½	32½
May	34⅜	34⅝	34⅜	34⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
Sept.	92¾		91⅝	93
Dec.	92¾		92	92¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
Sept.			87⅝	89¾
Dec.			89⅜	91¼

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
Sept.			90¼	92⅝
Dec.			90⅛	91⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
Sept.	17.60	17.75	17.72	17.60
Oct.	17.77	17.90	17.82	18.75
Jan.	19.35	19.40	19.30	19.82
Lard—				
Sept.	11.15		17.17	11.12
Oct.	11.22		11.25	11.22
Jan.	10.90	10.87	10.90	10.90
Ribs—				
Sept.	11.02	11.07	11.02	11.05
Oct.	11.12		11.10	11.10
Jan.	10.27		10.32	10.30

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 3.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled steady.

Hogs—Selected heaves, $9.00; good mediums, $9.00@9.15; heavy Yorkers, $9.10@9.20; light Yorkers, $8.75@9.00; good mixed, $9.10@9.15; bulk of sales, $9.10@9.15; good pigs, $8.40@8.75; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $8.00@8.25; good to choice, $8.00@8.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $7.50@8.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $6.50@6.50; common to light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fair cows, $4.00@6.00; fair to good cows, $4.25@4.50; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@3.25; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.50@5.00; fair to good bolognas, $4.00@4.50; common, $2.50@4.00; choice to fat heifers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good heifers, $5.50@6.00; common feeding steers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers common to fair, $3.00@4.00; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Veal Calves—Choice to extra, $11.00 down; fair to good, $9.00@9.50; common to light, $7.00@8.50; heavy and fed, $4.00@6.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.00@4.00, good to choice mixed, $3.00@4.00; fair to good $2.00@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; spring lambs, $4.00@7.00; yearlings, $4.00@5.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 100 head; market active and firm. Veals—Receipts, 100 head; market active, 25c lower at $4.00@11.25. Hogs—Receipts, 2,400 head; market active and steady to 10c higher; heavy, $9.15@9.25; mixed, $9.25@9.30; Yorkers, $9.10@9.20; pigs, $8.00@9.10; roughs, $7.00@8.10; stags, $5.50@7.50; dairies, $8.75@9.05. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,400 heads; market active; sheep, steady; lambs, 10c higher; lambs, $4.50@7.10.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; market weak to 10c lower; beeves, $5.75@10.50; Texas steers, $4.75@6.50; western steers, $5.85@9.15; stockers and feeders, $4.25@7.15; cows and heifers, $3.00@8.00; calves, $8.00@11.00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000; market slow and steady to a shade lower; light, $8.20@9.00; mixed, $7.80@8.95; heavy, $7.60@8.85; rough, $7.60@7.80; pigs, $5.00@8.10; bulk of sales, $7.95@8.60. Sheep—Receipts, 40,000; market steady to 10c lower; native, $3.40@4.60; western, $3.50@4.60; yearlings, $4.50@5.60; lambs, native, $4.50@7.10; western, $4.50@7.20.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 100; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 200; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; market steady; choice spring lambs, $6.75@6.75. Hogs—Receipts, 1,000; market steady. Prices, $9.00; light mixed, $9.00. Yorkers, $9.30; light Yorkers, $9.30; pigs, $8.75; rough, $7.85; stags, $7.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 3.—Cattle, receipts, none. Hogs, receipts 2,000; heavies, $9.20; heavy yorkers, $9.30; light yorkers, $9.30; pigs, $9.00. Sheep and lambs, receipts $10.00; top sheep, $5.00; top lambs, $7.25. Calves, receipts 200; top $11.00.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 27@27½c; solid pack, 26@26½c.

Process Butter—Per 30 lb. tubs, 24c; rolls and prints, 25c; dairy, prime, 22c; packing stock, 19c; oleo, 17@21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16@17c; New York state, 17c; brick, 17c; limburger, 17@18c; Swiss, domestic, 22c; imported, 32c.

Eggs—Candled, fresh, 24c; extra fancy, 25c; current receipts, 23c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100-lb. sack, $1.25; bu., 70c; pickling, bu., $2.10@2.50; garlic, 10c.

Spanish Onions—$1.50 case.

Celery—Michigan, bunch, 15@25c.

Cauliflower—Dozen, $1.00@1.25.

Eastern Head Lettuce—Case, $1.00@1.40.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., 75@80c.

Cucumbers—Bu., 50@60c.

Tomatoes—Bu., 35@45c for shippers.

Wax Beans—Paper, bu., 75@85c.

Mango Peppers—Bu., 40@50c.

Egg Plant—Dozen, $1.00.

Summer Squash—Dozen, 60c.

Potatoes—2¼ bu sack., $1.75@1.85; Cobblers, 150-lb. sack, $1.85; Jersey Giants, 165-lb. sack, $1.85.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., Va., $2.75; Alabama, bu. hamper, $1.00.

Turnips—Bu., 50@60c.

Sweet Corn—8@10c.

Parsley—Dozen, 15c.

Onions—Green, 8c.

Radishes—10c.

Carrots—Bu., 40@50c.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.50@2.50.

Oranges—Valencia, $3.50@3.75.

Peaches—Island, bu., "A A," $2.25; "A," $1.65@1.85; "B," $1.25@1.35.

"A," $1.65@1.75; "B," $1.05@1.10.

Apples—Bu., 25@50c.

Crabapples—Bu., 50@75c.

Plumes—Lombards, bu., $1.25; fancy varieties, 1.5-lb. basket, 75@80c.

Lemons—California, $6.00.

Limes—Per 100, $1.00.

California deciduous fruit—Plums, in boxes of 25@ 30 lbs., $1.50@2.00; pears, $1.25@2.25; in box, $2.25@3.00; grapes, 10-lb. box, $1.35; 25-lb. box, $1.50; 28-lb. box, $1.75; Tokay, 25-lb. box, $2.25@2.50.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 11½@12½c; heavy and rough, 9@9½c; calves, 14@14½c.

Chickens, live, 14@14½c; broilers, 16@17c.

Yearling lambs, 10@11c; sheep, 5@7c; spring lambs, 13c.

Steer Beef—Good, 14c; light, 11@12½c; cow beef, 7@9c.

Heifers—7@10c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 3.—Butter—Creamery, extras, 27½@28c; prints, 28½@29c; firsts, 26@26½c; seconds, 25@25½c; process extras, 26@26½c; dairy fancy, 23@24c; do. choice, 21@22c; packing stock No. 1, 18½@19c; No. 2, 17½@18c. Cheese—American whole milk, fancy twins and firsts, 17@18c; do. choice, 16@16¼c; Swiss imported, 32c; in blocks, 19@20c; fancy, 21@22c; choice, 19@20c; brick cheese, fancy, 17@18c; choice, 15@16c; imported fancy, 32 pounds a block, 19@20c; hand cheese, 50c a box; Roquefort, 45c a pound; Limburger, fancy, 18c; choice, 17c. Eggs—Fresh gathered extra firsts, 24½c; do. firsts, 23½c; fresh gathered current receipts, 22c; do. seconds, 18c. Poultry—Alive, chickens, 15@15½c; spring broilers weighting 1½ to 2 pounds, 16@18c; spring ducks, 14@15c. Apples—Ohio, 50@85c a bushel; southern, $1.00@2.75 a barrel. Potatoes—Jersey and Louisville, 80@85c; Giants, 65@72c a bushel. Sweet potatoes—Virginia, $2.50@2.75 a barrel; Jersey, $4.40@4.80 a barrel.

New York Produce.

New York, Sept. 3.—Flour quiet and about steady. Wheat—The cent decline in wheat early was due to heavy northwest receipts, big world's shipments, lower cables, and favorable harvesting and weather accounts from the spring wheat section. September, $1.02⅝; December, $1.00⅝@1.00⅞. Pork, firm. Beef, firm. Lard, nominal. Raw sugar, steady; Muscovado, 89 test, 3.73c; centrifugal, 96 test, 4.23c; molasses, 89 test, 3.48c; refined, quiet. Petroleum, steady. Spot coffee, steady. Hay, firm. Hides, firm. Leather, firm.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Butter, steady, creameries, 23½@26c; dairies, 21@23c. Eggs, steady; receipts 7,350 cases; at mark, cases included 17½c; ordinary firsts, 18c; firsts, 20c. Cheese, steady; Daisies, 15½@15½c; Twins, 14¾@15c; Young Americas, 15¼@15½c; Long Horns, 15¼@15½c. Potatoes, steady; receipts 89 cars; Michigan, 50@55c; Minnesota, 45@50c; Wisconsin, 45@55c. Poultry, steady; turkeys, 12c; chickens, 14½c; springs, 18c. Veal, steady, 9@13c.

Boston Wool.

Boston, Sept. 3.—Business in the local wool market during the past week although smaller in volume than in the preceding week was above the average. Prices held firm. Transactions were chiefly in territories. Initial ordering in the men's wear division of the goods market, which has been heavy, is now well accomplished. Original territory wools sold during the week on basis of about 60c and 62c, Montana bringing about 24c and 25c for average wools in the grease.

Cotton.

New York, Sept. 3.—Cotton futures opened firm: September, 11.58c bid; October, 10.85c; December, 11.04c; January, 10.91c; February, 10.90c; March, 11.06c; May, 11.20c.

The cotton market opened firm at an advance of 14 to 23 points on more or less general covering inspired by an idea that the government report due at midday had been discounted, better Liverpool cables than due, and reports that the new crop was deteriorating as a result of dry hot weather in South Texas and parts of the eastern belt. Renew liquidation or fresh local selling checked the advance at about the opening figures, but the market held within a point or two of the best during the middle of the morning with Memphis, Wall street and leading trade interests good buyers.

The market continued extremely active and excited later in the forenoon, and before the government report was published went up to a net advance of 37 to 41 points on general covering. The report making the condition 74.5 per cent against 73.2 last year and 73.7 the 10-year average, was followed by a very sharp break in prices, active months selling off nearly 30 points from the high level of the morning. There was very big buying on this reback, however, and after a break from 11.28 to 10.98 for December the market firmed up to 11.10 for that position with the tone very nervous. Spot, nominal. Estimated receipts at all the ports today, 35,000 bales, against 32,542 last week and 27,283 last year. For the week, 200,000 bales, against 119,606 last week and 133,960 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans, 34 bales, against 41 last year; at Houston, 18,968 bales, against 9,294 last year, and at Galveston, 31,412 bales, against 23,465 last year.

BEES CAPTURE FREIGHT TRAIN

Were Part of Consignment and Took Possession of All.

Minneapolis, Minn., August 3.—A shipment of honeybees broke loose and captured a freight train on the Great Northern yesterday. As a consequence a number of persons at stations between Crystal Bay and Hutchinson are wondering why their freight was not delivered.

When the train started out of Minneapolis there were 10 hives of bees consigned to Rev. Francis Jaeger, at St. Bonifacius, Minn. By the time the bees got to Crystal Bay three of the hives were smashed and as a result no freight was left. The car door was opened, but quickly closed again with a pole. At Minnetonka Beach a policeman was asked to restrain the bees from interfering with interstate commerce, but he "flunked" his job.

Father Jaeger today has bees at St. Bonifacius, but is waiting for their temper to cool before unloading them and the car with all the rest of the freight will lay on the side track for some time.

SEES END OF MONARCHISM

Kaiser Predicts Entire World Will Be Republican in 50 Years.

Berlin, Agust 28.—"My son will be the last of the emperors. That is why I am bringing him up as I was brought up—under firm discipline. He must be a credit to the house of Hohenzollern and to the thrones that, after his, will cease to be."

Emperor William thus expressed himself to the historian, Karl von Kroon in a recent talk following his inspection of the Berlin School of History and Literature. His majesty predicted that the end of monarchism is in sight.

"All the world will be republican within 50 years," he said. "Germany will be the last of the empires. It is inevitable."

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After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today

The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who has been curing others for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today.

and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

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C. E. Brooks, 102A State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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City..... State.....

FREE TO YOU SEND NO MONEY

THIS GREAT TELESCOPE 3½ FEET LONG

ROOSEVELT IN LETTER TO SENATOR PROVES ARCHBOLD TALE FALSE

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Colonel Roosevelt made public tonight his letter to Senator Clapp, chairman of the senate committee investigating campaign contributions, in reply to the recent testimony of John D. Archbold and Senator Penrose regarding an alleged contribution of $100,000 by Mr. Archbold to the Republican campaign of 1904.

The letter is a document of approximately 18,000 words, covering 44 typewritten pages. About one-third of the letter is devoted to copies of correspondence by Colonel Roosevelt, while president, with James S. Sherman, now vice president, Senator Penrose and others, and to the reply of President Roosevelt to the charge made by Alton B. Parker, in 1904, that the Republican campaign was financed in large measure by the contributions of big corporations.

The letter, in part, follows:

"The charge against Mr. Penrose was a direct charge. This charge was not merely that he took $25,000 from the Standard Oil Co., but that at or about the time of thus taking it, while a member of a committee of the senate which was formed to investigate industrial affairs in the United States, he was in constant communication with Mr. Archbold on the subject and that he submitted to Mr. Archbold for his approval in advance a copy of the report of the commission.

"If those statements are true, of course Mr. Penrose is unfit to represent the people in the United States senate, and the testimony against him is direct. Apparently, however, the committee is investigating not this charge against Mr. Penrose, which was sustained by direct evidence, but Mr. Penrose's counter-charge, which was sustained by no evidence at all, and only by the repetition of second-hand gossip.

"Unqualified Falsehood."

"As regards the statement of Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold that, with my consent or knowledge, Mr. Bliss asked the Standard Oil people for $100,000, or other sum, or received such sum from them, it is an unqualified falsehood.

"If any request for funds was made from the Standard Oil Co., or if any funds were received from the Standard Oil Co. by Mr. Bliss or anyone else connected with the national committee in 1904, it was not merely done without my knowledge, but was done against my expressed direction and prohibition and in spite of the fact that I was assured that no such request had been made and no such contribution had been or would be received."

Produces Evidence.

In support of this statement, Col. Roosevelt includes here his letters and telegram to George B. Cortelyou, the Republican national chairman, of October 26, 27 and 29, 1904, respectively. These letters, which were made public recently, called Mr. Cortelyou's attention to a report that Standard Oil interests had contributed $100,000 to the Roosevelt campaign, and directed that the money be returned if the report were true. The telegram was one asking if this had been done and adding that there should be no delay in so doing.

"Subsequent to this telegram, Mr. Loeb, my private secretary, called Mr. Cortelyou up on the telephone," the letter continues," and later I did so myself. He notified me first through Mr. Loeb and then directly that no such contribution had been received or would be received. He tells me he saw Mr. Bliss, showed him the letters and telegram, and that Mr. Bliss then told him that no Standard Oil money had been received and that none would be accepted.

Against Penrose in 1904.

"Mr. Penrose was a candidate for chairman of the Republican national committee in 1904, and it was reported to me that the members of the committee wished to choose him. This I emphatically refused to allow. I knew but little of Mr. Penrose at the time, but I was not willing to have any man whom I did not personally know and in whose probity I did not have entire confidence as head of the committee.

"Mr. Cortelyou was put on at my personal request. He ran the campaign almost without suggestion from me. I communicated with him occasionally by telephone, and generally in writing."

"In my letter to Mr. Cortelyou during the campaign the only allusion that I can find to campaign contributions is in one in which I tell him that I had heard a rumor that Senator Dick, of Ohio, has been collecting money from office holders, and that if so he must be warned to stop or he will get into trouble.

"I communicated with Mr. Bliss very infrequently and never made any allusion to contributions in any letter that I wrote him or any conversation I had with him. From Mr. Bliss, as from Mr. Cortelyou, I received the explicit statement that no promise had been made and no obligation entered into, directly or indirectly, in connection with any contribution that had been received, or would be entered into in connection with any contribution that might be received in the future.

Asked for Nothing.

"I have never discussed the question of contributions with Mr. Perkins save in connection with discussing the accusations brought before your committee. I have never, directly or indirectly, asked him for a contribution, and I did not so far as I can remember ask any human being for a contribution, either while I was running for President or for vice president, or during the recent primary or since the recent primary.

"Mr. Archbold has alluded to his visit made a year or so after the election, to me in company with Mr. Rogers. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Archbold made an appointment to see me through Mr. Root, who was then in my cabinet. He was not present at the interview. The subject of campaign contributions was not alluded to.

"Messrs. Archbold and Rogers, the former doing almost all the talking, stated they had come down in connection with the accusations made against the Standard Oil Co. regarding rebates. I informed them that Mr. Garfield had informed me that he was about to report very strongly against the Standard Oil Co., on this matter; and I referred them to Mr. Garfield, suggesting that they see him or Mr. H. K. Smith and go over the matter with them before coming to me.

"Mr. Hearst has published much interesting and important correspondence of the Standard Oil people, especially Mr. Archbold, with various public men. I have in time past criticized Mr. Hearst, but in this matter he has rendered a public service of high importance; and I hope he will publish all the letters dealing with this matter which he has in his possession. If Mr. Hearst or anybody else has any letter from me dealing with Standard Oil affairs I shall be delighted to have it published; and if anyone can suggest any question as to any letter I have ever written or received on the subject and will give me the approximate date, I will at once try to look it up, and if I can find it will publish it.

"I wish to emphasize the fact that the testimony of Mr. Archbold and Mr. Penrose in this matter is an attack on Mr. Bliss, who is dead, and is also unwittingly the severest possible reflection on themselves.

"Mr. Penrose says that he, a member of the national Republican committee and a United States senator, advised Mr. Archbold that it would be a mistake for the Standard Oil Co. not to contribute, and if they did not make liberal contributions they might incur hostility in certain quarters. Surely no more extraordinary testimony was ever submitted by a United States senator under the impression that he was testifying in his own behalf. It embodies a far worse accusation against him than I ever should have dreamed of making.

"This language is precisely the language that might be used by a blackmailing police officer in a big city in advising the keeper of a law-breaking liquor saloon, or a gambling house, to contribute liberally because otherwise he might incur hostility in certain quarters. If this language were proved against the policeman he would be removed from the police force and as it is admitted by the senator, he should be removed from the senate.

"In concluding, I want to say a word about my connection with Mr. Perkins. I have known him about 14 years. I have never in my life, directly or indirectly, asked him for a contribution, or asked him to assist me in any shape or way. He has always assisted me and backed me up of his own accord. Until after the statement of Mr. Penrose in the senate, I never asked him if he had ever contributed to my campaign fund at any time, although I was morally certain that he had done so.

"During the past 14 years, as far as I remember, he has but twice spoken to me of any matters in which he was interested. The first time was at the very beginning of our acquaintance, when I was governor of New York. He then came to Albany and protested against my signing a certain bill for the limitation of the aggregate amount of insurance that an insurance company could assume. After investigation I came to the conclusion that his protest was just, and refused to sanction the bill.

"On the other occasion he came to me to ask that I consider the report of the bureau of corporations as well as that of the attorney-general before taking final action in the Harvester Trust matter. On both occasions he came simply as hundreds of other men of every description have come to me."

PAULINE DENIES BEING MILKED

Taft's Cow Puts Canton Man in Ananias Club.

Washington, August 31.—Pauline Wayne, President Taft's prize cow, the gift of "Uncle Ike" Stephenson, of Wisconsin, was so peeved today over a published report that she had clandestinely been milked on the White House lawn by J. F. Koehler, of Canton, O., that the official milkman declared he just couldn't "do a thing with her."

Moreover, Pauline was interrupted all day long as she munched the tender grasses of her private pasture by squads of reporters who came for interviews, and, to the rude clicking of camera shutters, demanded to know: "Is it true, Miss Wayne?"

And to each query, modest Pauline returned from her soft brown eyes a glance bespeaking reproach and indignation, and a whisk of her tail, which is to say in bovine, with business of hauteur:

"He did not."

"I wasn't milked on the White House lawn by a strange man," declared Miss Wayne, tearfully, when she finally consented to talk in little moos and grunts, between sobs, "because, in the first place, I haven't been on the White House lawn in more than a year, but have been enjoying life on the pasture near the army quartermaster's stables."

HEARS SHE'S MOTHER OF FOUR

Month After Birth Finds They Are Quadruplets, Not Twins.

Boston, August 29.—Mrs. Thomas H. Seely, of No. 60 Sawyer avenue, Dorchester, who gave birth to four babies a month ago, learned for the first time yesterday that she was the mother of quadruplets, instead of twins. The delay in telling her was due to the fear that the excitement might have a bad effect in her weakened condition. But when the mother saw the four babies cuddled together she cried out with wonder and delight.

The babies are in the Dorchester Cottage Hospital. Part of the time they are in an incubator and the rest of the time in a crib. The mother is now at her home. It is expected that they will remain at the hospital for a month more and then, if they are doing well, they will be taken to her.

Relatives and friends of Mrs. Seely are planning to give the little ones an outfit of clothing. The health of the children is reported to be good. None of the doctors at the hospital knows of quadruplets living as long as these have.

WIRELESS TO FLASH TIME

Will Regulate Clocks on Sea and Land.

Washington, August 28.—Under orders from the secretary of the navy, the new wireless station at Arlington, Va., which will be the largest in the world, is to send out time signals available in all parts of the United States and as far out to sea as the radius of the station may reach.

The three steel towers of the station are now nearly completed, the center one being 650 feet high and making a landmark that is seen for many miles in every direction. Besides maintaining communication with naval vessels in all parts of the Atlantic, the flashing of time signals throughout the country will be one of the chief functions of the new station.

Many of the large jewelry stores are preparing to install their own wireless station, purchasing receiving apparatus and all necessary equipment, so that they may correct their clocks and timepieces by wireless.

MORGAN GIVES $10 FOR T. R.

Hands Auto Owner $20 and Tells Him to Divide It.

Boston, Mass., August 28.—J. Pierpont Morgan came ashore from his yacht yesterday at Magnolia and made an automobile trip through Marblehead to Peach Point. He secured Herman F. Snow's automobile for his sightseeing. Snow ran the automobile. He wore a Progressive party button in his coat.

"Are you a Roosevelt man?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"I am," replied Snow; "aren't you?"

"I'm not ready to commit myself yet," the banker replied, according to Snow.

Arriving at Magnolia shortly afterward, Morgan asked for his bill.

"It will be $10," replied Snow.

"Here's $20," said the financier. "Give $10 of it to the Progressives."

Birds Show Intelligence.

New York Times.

An extraordinary instance of the intelligence of birds forms the subject of a letter just received by the ministry of agriculture from an inspector of forests in connection with the approaching opening of the shooting season.

Some time ago, says the inspector, he received complaints from sportsmen that quails and partridges had become very scarce in certain districts. On examining the matter he found that the regions in which aerodromes had been installed were those which were deserted by the birds. These withdrew after the first flights of monoplanes and biplanes, which they took for enormous birds of prey.

Finding after some time, however, that their ranks were not thinned by the strange creatures hovering overhead, partridges and quails dispatched scouts to the aerodromes to examine the aircraft at close quarters.

The result of the investigations of these feathered envoys was evidently perfectly re-assuring, for the birds returned to their former haunts, and the preserves around Le Mans and Rheims are now as well stocked as formerly.

She Keeps Score for Gov. Wilson

New York, August 30.—Miss Alberta Hill, 21 years old, suffrage leader, street speaker, organizer and campaign orator, is taking a prominent part in the work of the Democratic national committee. Miss Hill is located in the committee's headquarters here and has charge of the "war map," on which she tabulates the progress of the Democratic candidate. She also "spellbinds" for Wilson and Marshall on the street every night.

SELECTING YOUR NEXT SEED CORN

The Stronger the Vitality of the Ear, the Larger the Crop.

Forty ears of seed corn, apparently exactly alike, were selected from an Iowa farmer's seed by Prof. P. G. Holden, says H. M. Cottrell, agricultural commissioner of the Rock Island lines. Kernels were taken from each ear and germinated. One ear was dead. The kernels from some ears germinated very strong, from others strong, from others weak. The seed from each ear was planted in a separate row. The kernels from the ear which showed the most vigorous germination produced at the rate of 92 bushels an acre. The ear that showed the weakest germination produced at the rate of 24 bushels an acre. The four ears, strongest in germination, including the 24-bushel ear, averaged at the rate of 32 bushels an acre.

One Result in Iowa.

Seed corn was collected from 90 farms near Ames, Iowa, by Prof. Holden and planted in adjoining plats. The seed that showed the strongest vitality in germinating yielded 80½ bushels an acre; the seed that showed the least vigor yielded 31½ bushels an acre. The yield of the other lots varied between these extremes according to the vitality of the seed.

C. P. Hartley the government corn expert, divided a lot of freshly gathered ears of seed corn into two lots. One lot was cured and kept in a seed house under the most favorable conditions for maintaining the highest vitality. The other lot was kept in a crib under conditions that maintained average vitality. In the spring both lots germinated equally well. The crop from the seed kept to maintain the highest vitality was 18 bushels an acre more than that from the seed with average vitality.

Experience in Ohio.

Mr. Hartley says, "Save the seed only from the most profitable individuals. Care for each living kernel from the time it ripens until it is planted in a manner that will enable it to develop into a thrifty plant and produce one or more large ears."

At the Ohio Experiment Station in a field of corn of the same variety some rows were badly broken down in a storm while other rows stood upright. Seed taken from the rows with broken stalks produced 75 bushels an acre; seed from the rows that withstood the storm yielded 114 bushels an acre.

These tests and many others demonstrated that strong vitality of the ear and strength of the stalk bearing the ear, are the foundation for large yields. It is not enough that seed corn should germinate, it must show the vigorous germination that indicates great vitality. The seed must germinate strongly under favorable conditions of soil and weather and the growth of the young plants must be vigorous and rapid.

The man who wants seed corn with the great vitality that will insure a high yield must gather the ears in the fall before frost and cure and keep them under conditions that will maintain all their vigor. Testing in the spring before planting will not make up the loss in vitality caused by careless selection and neglect in keeping the seed.

The corn grower can be certain of securing seed having the greatest vigor only by going out into the field before frost and selecting good ears from strong, short, thick stalks. The seed ears must be selected from hills that have a full stand, because a stalk that produces a large ear when it is crowded by other stalks, has the virility needed to produce a high yield.

The ears must be cured "done dry" without becoming heated or chilled. This requires that as soon as an ear has been gathered, it shall be stored in a cool place where it does not touch another ear; where there is free circulation of air around it that will carry the moisture off rapidly and where it will not get cool enough to become chilled, or warm enough to start germination. The best temperature in which to cure and keep the seed corn is from 40 to 55 degrees.

To Keep Seed Corn.

Cured seed corn should be kept from fall until planting time in a dry, well ventilated place where the temperature does not fall below 35 degrees, and it is better not to fall below 40 degrees. It is as necessary to maintain the vitality as it is to secure it. Many a corn grower gets his crop cut in half by a little neglect of the seed during a few damp days in winter. The thoroughly dried vigorous seed absorbes moisture, gets chilled and its vitality is gone. Every kernel may sprout, but few will have the vigor needed to produce a good ear. More low yields come from this cause than from any other.

Plow all the ground you can in the fall. Corn planted on fall plowed germinates better and quicker, and the early growth is more rapid than that planted on spring plowing.

Give each ear a germination test just before planting. The kernels from every ear, selected and handled as recommended in this article, will grow. Some of them will grow more vigorously than others, and it is the kernel that shows greatest vitality in germinating that produces the high yield. Remember that in Professor Holden's test, the ear showing the most vigor in germinating produces at the rate of 92 bushels of corn an acre, while the ear that showed weak germination produced at the rate of 24 bushels.

It will not cost over 50 cents to select, cure, keep and test, as recommended, enough corn to plant each acre. Seed corn with strong vitality will insure double the average yield without one cent additional cost in preparing the land or in cultivating the crop.

About twenty-six million people will have the right to vote in the United States this year. But many of them will think they are too busy to go to the polls on election day.

SENATOR CUMMINS HAS LEFT TAFT; HE'S FOR ROOSEVELT

In Statement Declares That Taft Is Not the Real Choice of Republicans—Cummins Still Believes in Republican Party.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 3.—Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, in a public statement issued today declares that he expects to vote for Col. Roosevelt for President, but is opposed to the formation of a third party.

He does not believe that President Taft was the choice of the Republicans of the nation.

"The renomination of President Taft," said Senator Cumins, "was opposed by an overwhelming majority of the Republicans throughout the country simply because in his administration he had not done nor said the things which the great body of the people believed and said. A meagre majority succeeded in renominating him."

"Blind as a Bat."

The senior Iowa senator then reviewed the basis of representation by which he claimed states with a small Republican vote dominate conventions and force on the party men undesirable to the majority. Continuing, he said: "The men who could not see that there would be a rebellion whenever these ever represented states forced a nomination against the strong opposition of the states in which there is a real Republican party was blind as a bat and the man who could not hear the rumble of the rising storm was deaf as an adder.

"If the convention which nominated Mr. Taft had changed the system in obedience to the popular demand we might have had patience to wait; but as though wanting to furnish every reason for revolt, it attempted to fasten it still more firmly upon us. If this were all we would be amply justified in overthrowing the system by refusing to accept the nominee. But this is not all.

No Title to Seats.

"The system, indefensible as it is, was not enough to overcome the adverse majority in the Republican states and therefore the complaisant committee, and later the convention, deliberately seated Taft delegates from Washington California Arizona and Texas, who had no shadow of title to seats in the convention. I speak of these states because I have examined the records as to them and have reached a conclusion after the most careful study and reflection. And thus the will of a tremendous majority was defeated by the machinations of committee.

"I take no pleasure in reciting these things, for I would like to support a Republican candidate for president. There is but one way, however, to make sure the system of the Chicago convention will be abolished and that is to make it plain that the candidate who is the product of the system and the beneficiary of the methods cannot reach the office to which he aspires. Therefore I cannot support Mr. Taft."

Still a Republican.

"In so saying I am all the more a Republican, for it is clear to me that the existence of the party depends on a quick and emphatic condemnation of the wrongs I have mentioned.

"The reason the Republicans were so largely against the renomination of Mr. Taft was their profound conviction that he is not a progressive and does not believe, in a proper sense, that the people should rule the country. The fact that this was the attitude of the vast majority of the Republicans proves to me conclusively that a new party is unnecessary untimely and unfortunate.

"I fear it will retard rather than hasten reform. Theodore Roosevelt Roosevelt was the manifest choice of the greater number of Republicans who expressed a choice for President. He is appealing to the moral and progressive forces of the people, and I expect to vote for him; but it must be understood that I will do so protesting against the organization of a new party and dissenting with some of the doctrines of his platform. My vote for him will indicate that I believe he desires to promote the common welfare, but will not indicate that I look upon the new party as a wise or enduring movement in public affairs."

WARN CITY OF DESTRUCTION BY VOLCANO LONG SLUMBERING

Guadalajara, Mexico, August 31.—Warning has been sent to this city, the second city in the republic, and with a population of 150,000, that it is to be destroyed by a volcano.

The warning is given in all seriousness by the Mexican government through the seismographic branch of the national observatory at Mexico City.

Seven scientists who spent the latter part of July and the first week of August here have issued a report following the 340 earthquakes which have shaken Guadalajara in the past three months, that the city is built on the crater of a slumbering volcano.

Increasing temperature, sulphurous fumes escaping from fissures torn in the city streets by the quakes, and the bursting out of several hot springs led to the investigation, which showed that 300 feet beneath the surface of the earth there is a seething crater whose last eruption was about 1,800 years ago.

The men from the observatory cannot state when the eruption will take place, but they believe it will be within a year.

Their report urges that the city be vacated and they suggest a movement to Juanacatlan, a town about 40 miles from here, on the banks of the Santiago river. A ridge of hills intervene and it is stated that the effects of the volcanic upheaval, if it is of the magnitude they expect, will not reach to Juanacatlan.

The center of the crater beneath this city is located approximately under the state palace, which is in the heart of Guadalajara.

Government papers have been removed from the palace to Mexico City for safety and a mass meeting will be held here next Sunday to decide whether the city shall heed the warning and move, or wait and see what happens.

40 DEAD AFTER SUNDAY FLOODS

Families Homeless in Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Sept. 3.—There are 40 dead as the result of floods in western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Ohio on Sunday night. The damage to property will not probably reach over $2,000,000.

Numbers of families are homeless, railroad traffic greatly impeded and many cities spent Monday night in total darkness, both electric and gas plants being flooded.

Many Towns Suffer.

Among the larger towns which suffered from the rise of the water were Washington, Beaver, Burgettstown, Canonsburg and several smaller places in the Chartiers, Cherry and Beaver valleys of western Pennsylvania, while in West Virginia, Colliers and the surrounding territory suffered a great loss.

The list of fatalities is as follows: Colliers, W. Va.—Eighteen dead.
Cherry Valley, Pa.—Six drowned.
Burgettstown, Pa.—Four drowned.
Canonsburg, Pa.—Seven drowned.
Woodlawn, Pa.—One drowned.
Wellsburg, W. Va.—One drowned.

In the various localities attempts are being made to take care of the homeless, and to repair in part the damage caused by the floods.

None Dead in Ohio.

While great damage was done by the storm in eastern Ohio, no loss of life has yet been reported. It was rumored Monday afternoon that a number of lives were lost in Salinesville, but early this morning it was ascertained that all residents escaped harm. There are, however, quite a number without homes and a special train from Columbus carrying relief to the sufferers has been sent to the town.

Minister Rescues Four.

The Chartiers valley from Washington, Pa., to McKees Rocks, Pa., where the little stream empties into the Ohio river, is one stretch of devastation. It is estimated that 10,000 acres of growing corn has been ruined, while thousands of tons of hay floated away on the muddy torrent.

As communication with afflicted sections becomes established, stories of heroic and thrilling rescues become numerous. One particularly spectacular feat is the rescue of Henry Endler, his wife and two children, of Avella, in Washington county, by the Rev. B. F. Heany, pastor of the Presbyterian Church there.

The Endler home was crashed against a railroad culvert, and the family washed down stream. Three children were hurled upon the bank and escaped, while Endler, with his wife and two other children, succeeded in catching hold of the branches of a tree where they were marooned.

Pastor Gets Rope.

Pastor Heany heard their cries and summoned help. Procuring a rope he fastened it about his waist, and while six men held one end of it, he plunged into the torrent and made for the marooned family. Eight times he was washed past the flood victim's refuge and was hauled out to try it over again.

Succeeding in reaching the tree, the rope was fastened about Mrs. Endler and she was dragged through the torrent to safety. To return the rope to the marooned pastor and the Endlers it was fastened to a huge block of wood, which was carried up stream and thrown in, so that it would be carried into the tree. One by one the family was taken to safety, Pastor Heany being the last to be pulled ashore.

HAY SNEEZERS TO CONVENE

Over 500 Victims of Rag Weed Epidemic Meet in New Hampshire.

Bethlehem, N. H., August 29.—The thirty-ninth annual sneeze fest of the hay fever sufferers opened here Wednesday with Rev. Guy Roberts, of Bethlehem, president of the association, presiding.

A Canadian branch of the society held a meeting yesterday at the Inn Campo, Belloi, N. B., at which the vice president, William Patterson, of the United States Hay Fever Association, presided.

Today's program opened with an address of welcome by President Roberts. Rev. Samuel Harlow, of Groton, Mass., was heard in scriptural rendering and prayer. Following reports of officers, a paper by the Rev. William Scheppengrell was read and a discussion of remedies followed. Over 500 members and sympathizers were present.

BUSINESS SHOWS IMPROVEMENT

Trade Jorunal Sees Optimistic Signs Everywhere.

All reports agree that the business situation is everywhere showing rapid improvement says the Coal Trade Journal. This general statement is not to be made without exceptions and qualifications, for prosperity is never universal and uniform. There is sacred authority for the saying that the poor are always with us, and the very fact that one branch of the community may be enjoying prosperity often means a disadvantage to others. It is most gratifying to learn that political scares this year cut little figure in the business world, and the fact that a very fair investment demand exists in the financial field is not only good proof that the people generally are making money and setting some aside for their future benefit and advantage, but gives token of popular belief in the outlook for corporate affairs in general.

The railroads, of course, feel the pinch of circumstances in many ways and doleful reports are heard from many of them, it may be well to recall that they generally manage to get all that is coming to them. Why some able minds directing their affairs along with others who are largely the product of evolution and routine development, they will probably be able to take care of themselves, despite the activities of the I. C. C. on one hand and the labor unions on the other with a critical public in front.

Certainly manufacturing is on an active scale, and with the great crops now assured that means lots of business for the transportation interests. Increased industrial activity means larger coal consumption all along the line.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WORLD'S FAIR AND EXPOSITION, 1915—Work now in progress. Seventy millions to be spent. Authentic data regarding business chances, real estate, opportunity for employment, etc. Send fifty cents to cover cost. S. J. VOGEL EXPOSITION BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

500 MEN 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for electric railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

ABLE-BODIED MEN WANTED for the U. S. Marine Corps, between the ages of 19 and 35. Must be native born or have first papers. Monthly pay $15 to $60. Additional compensation possible. Food, clothing, quarters and medical attendance free. After 30 years service can retire with 75 per cent of pay and allowances. Service on board ship and ashore in all parts of the world. Apply at U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Office, corner Superior and Adams Streets, or 701 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES make supporters; $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wis.

YOUNG GIRL wanted to assist in housework. Will give home to girl wishing to attend school. Address Z-36, care Weekly Blade.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men and women for government positions; $80 month; annual vacations; short hours; no "layoffs;" common education sufficient; over 12,000 appointments coming; influence unnecessary; farmers eligible. Send postal immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 32, Rochester, N. Y.

RELIABLE men—women sell forkola by leaving with each family on trial. Every trial means sale. Profit $2 to $3 daily. Credit given. The Bacora Co., Elmira, N. Y.

WANTED—Train auditors are now on about 30 railroads; would you like such a position? Experience not necessary; good salary; for application blank send stamp and name this paper to Foster Libbey & Co., 811 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED.

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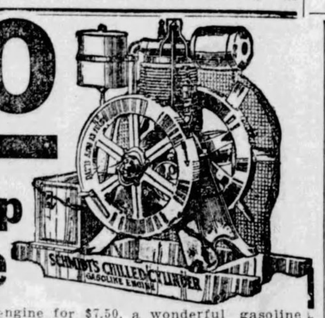

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